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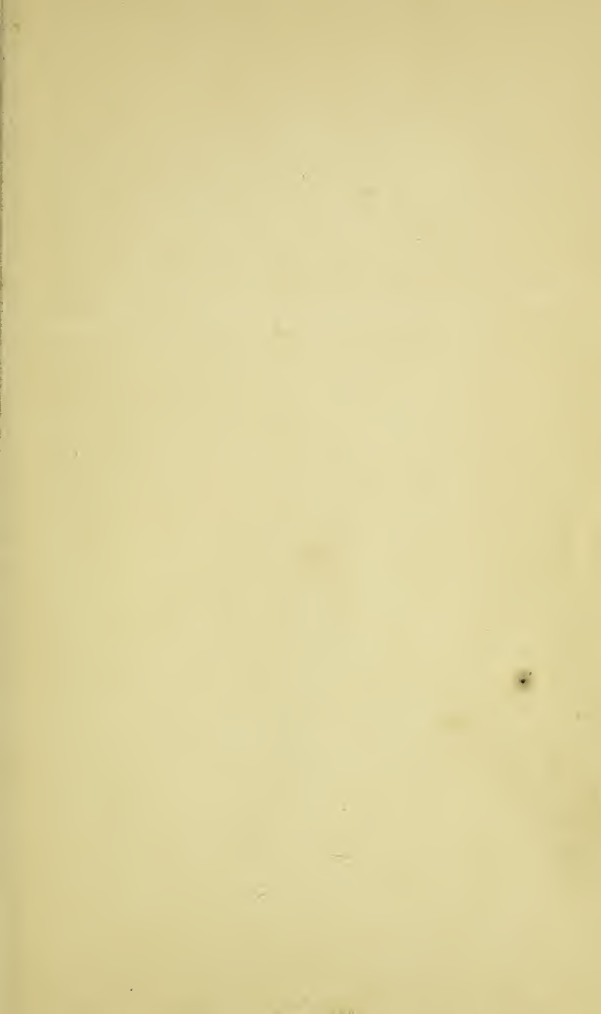
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HARP OF THE WILLOWS.

BY ELVIRA.

Mary Beaton

To Him who formed the willow
Shall be this offering made,
From humble harp bedewed with tears
Beneath the willow's shade.

BOSTON:
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GEO. C. RAND & AVERY.

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N O T E .

With grateful, tearful remembrance, is recalled the kindness of those friends who aided in publishing a former edition of this little work. Offspring of weary hours, these effusions, like her who penned them, might have preferred remaining in their own quiet obscurity, but at the call of duty tremblingly began to whisper, first into the ears of intimate friends, then unexpectedly cheered and entertained in other homes — thus ministering to the comfort of her household who sends them forth.

God bless and reward a thousand fold, each kind benefactor.



INTRODUCTORY.

A row of spreading willows
A shady bank hung o'er,
Upon the dear old Kennebec,
Close by a cottage door ;

Where once a weary pilgrim
Tarried a little while,
And sought her hours of weariness
With music to beguile.

Once on Euphrates' willows
Their harps the captives hung ;
But by that green and waving group
Was hers first fully strung.

Beneath those shady willows,
Her children, bright and fair,
Were wont to sing their childish songs,
And breathe the summer air.

By those sad, drooping willows,
From out that cottage door,
A little form was carried forth,
To enter there no more.

Though nought beside was pleasant
Around that cottage, yet
She could not leave those willow trees
Without this kind regret.

“Farewell, ye waving willows !
Beneath your shade no more
Shall children sport or pilgrim sing
By yonder cottage door.

“I’ll go where lovelier willows
The heavenly landscape deck,
And crystal streams more brightly flow
Than my own Kennebec.

“Beneath those heavenly willows,
No more earth’s grief’s I’ll reckon,
But oft with pleasure think of thee,
My own dear Kennebec.

“I’ll tune a harp celestial,
A crown my head will deck ;
Farewell to thee, my Willow Harp !
Farewell, my Kennebec !”

To Him who formed the willow
Shall be this offering made,
From humble harp bedewed with tears
Beneath the willow’s shade.

HARP OF THE WILLOWS.

RANSOM, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

The sound of wailing is heard from an Indian village, at evening. — Funeral rites performed. — The dead laid in the sepulchre. — The friends return. — According to custom they remove the lodge. — They continue their wailings.

The listener hears a voice from the sepulchre calling in agonizing tones for help.

The scene changes to a chamber, where a female, who had heard of the captive's fate, prays to God for his preservation. — The prayer of faith prevails. — An angel is sent to relieve and soothe the sufferer. — The angel's song in the night.

The captive is released. — Is carried to the home of the missionary.

Becomes a bright, useful, happy boy.

Appeal in behalf of the Indian.

HARK ! ' tis the sound of wailing
Comes on the evening breeze,
Forth from an Indian village lone,
By yon dark forest trees ;
It tells of anguished hearts that bleed,
Of hearts all filled with dread,
As they bear unto his resting-place
Their loved and early dead.

They lay him in the sepulchre,
With wailings loud and deep,
The place where ages some have slept,
In death, their silent sleep ;
They turn from thence, and backward trace
Their sad and dreary way,
And gain once more their lonely home
As fades the light of day ;

Their lonely home, — but not the home
That death has dared invade,
That spot is now deserted,
Their lodge in ruins laid ;
And all that would remind them
Of him so lately gone
Must perish till no trace remain
Of the departed one.

Again they weep, they rend the air
With cries of frantic grief,
And naught, from memory of the past,
Can bring their hearts relief ;
Nor is there aught of future hope
To cheer their dark despair,
No voice comes from the sepulchre, —
All, all is silent there.

All silent there ? — Doth there no sound
Come from the slumbering dead ?
From those whose speech in life's career
Hath filled the strong with dread ?
From all the crowd who there have found
A common home at last,
No cheering word on their despair,
One gleam of hope to cast ?

But hush ! Methinks from out that shrine
A mournful wail I hear,
Falling in deep and plaintive tones
Upon the listening ear ;
Oh say, is it a spirit's voice
Piercing the deepening gloom,
To tell us of the mysteries
That lie beyond the tomb ?

Ah no, for sure that wailing sound
Is one of human woe, —
It is the voice of deep distress,
Though heard in accents low.
She nearer drew, and then was heard
From out that dwelling lone,
A youthful voice thus murmuring,
In a sepulchral tone : —

II.

“ Help ! help ! have pity on me ! ”
The captive feebly moans, —
“ Oh, soothe my dreadful anguish ;
Hear, hear my dying groans, —
For cruel hands have bound me,
And left me here to die,
And the mouldering dead of ages
Around, above me lie.

“ O ! spirit of my mother,
Come, help thy hapless son ;
Sad, sad the weary days have passed
To thy forsaken one,
Since, near the dreadful battle,
Where my father bleeding lay,
They tore me from thy bosom,
And forced me far away.

“ See ! here I lie in anguish,
In terror and in fear,
With the dead above, around me
And doleful sounds I hear !
Unloose, unloose my fetters,
Unbar my prison-door,
The pure, sweet air of heaven
O let me breathe once more.

“ Spread o’er me, as a curtain,
The clear and calm blue sky ;
On the lap of her who bore me,
Glad I’d lay me down and die !
A drop, one drop of water,
To cool my parchéd lip,
Permit me, O my mother,
From thy dear hand to sip !

“ Alas ! no mother hears me, —
No pitying friend is nigh, —
With the loathsome dead around me,
Here I terror-stricken die ! ”

III.

In yonder lowly chamber,
While all are slumbering round,
At the silent hour of midnight,
A female form is found
Before her father kneeling
In fervent, earnest prayer,
With as deep a tide of feeling
As human heart can bear.

For since the hour of twilight,
When she heard the captive's fate,
Until now — the lone, dark midnight —
She hath in anguish sat ;
And her heart was with the captive,
In groans of sympathy ;
She longed to break his fetters,
And would glad have set him free.

But the sepulchre was distant
On a small and lonely isle,
And there was none to guide her
To the dark funereal pile.
But the prayer of faith prevailed,
And she begged her Father's arm
To comfort and to save him,
And shield him from all harm.

An angel went from heaven,
Entered his prison-door,
And words of peace and comfort
To his anguished spirit bore ;
He loosed his galling fetters,
And the corpse that o'er him lay,
And told him that relief should come
As came the rising day.

Then he sang a song of heaven,
To cheer the lonely hour,
And the captive's heart was comforted
By that heavenly music's power.

The Angel's Song in the Night.

“Darkest night is nearest dawn,
Joy is near to deepest sorrow ;
When thy night's despair is gone,
Hope shall greet thee on the morrow.

Fiercest storms bring brightest calms ;
Thunderbolt, from dark cloud gleaming,
Not in vain thy fear alarms,
Purer sky above is beaming.

War brings peace, and hate brings love,
Enters life at death's dark portal ;
Bitter curse shall blessing prove,
Grief shall change to bliss immortal.

Wisely hidden is the path
Which thy Father sets before thee ;
Threatening clouds, portending wrath,
Soon will break in blessings o'er thee.”

IV.

Ere the first ray of morning was beaming,
Ere the first tuneful note of the bird,
Sweet hope on his darkness was gleaming,
And gently and softly he heard
A sound — as if some one were calling ;
He listens all breathless to hear ;
A voice, — oh, how welcome, — is falling
Like melody sweet on his ear :

“Captive, captive, dost thou live?
Has thy Guardian One been near thee?
Speak, I come to comfort give;
Not to fright, but bless and cheer thee.”

“Yes, I live,” in accents low,
Feebly, sad, the words were spoken;
“Wilt thou let me with thee go?” —
Thus the angel gave me token.

Near fainting and gasping he found him,
Most spent with his groans and his sighs
And eagerly then he unbound him,
And quickly he bade him arise.

No morn e’er so lovely was beaming,
No birds ever carolled so sweet;
He seemed to himself to be dreaming,
His joy was so full and complete.

Soon a shade is passing o’er him,
He heaves a heavy sigh,
And a tear, the tear of sorrow,
Sadly trembles in his eye :

For he feels that though returning
From his gloomy prison free,
Yet there still remains upon him
The chain of slavery.
As slowly now, and thoughtfully,
They to the beach repair,
To where lay moored the light canoe,
He whispered low his prayer :

‘O Thou, who in the silent night
Didst hear my feeble cry,
And in the dark and silent tomb
Didst suffer not to die ;
Back to my house of bondage
Oh, let me not be borne,
For to that cruel master
I would not e’er return.”

Then loosed was the boat from its moorings,
As quiet they sped down the stream,
Again to their village returning,
It seemed to him only a dream ;
Till his comrade, the silence then breaking,
Poured forth on his wondering ear,
These strains as of music delightful, —
He listened astonished to hear :

“Thou art no more a slave ;
No chains are on thee now ;
The blessings of the free and brave
Rest ever on thy brow.

The teacher, good and kind,
Who gives Jehovah’s word,
No rest unto his soul could find
When he thy fate had heard.

’Tis he thy ransom paid,
He bade me seek for thee ;
He bought thee from the gates of death,
And from thy master, free.

Thou art no more a slave ;
No chains are on thee now ;
The blessings of the free and brave
Rest ever on thy brow."

Then on to the village of Wasco
Their bark soon triumphantly sped,
Where many, in silence awaiting,
Beheld him — the raised from the dead.
Though gazing with fear and with terror,
They shrink as he passes along, —
Yet on to the house of the teacher,
There follows a wondering throng.

v.

" Yonder see the captive !
Yonder see him come !
Captive, faint and weary,
Welcome to our home !
Welcome home, thou captive,
Welcome from the dead,
Free among the living,
Rest thy fainting head ;
On this couch so lowly,
Rest — there 's nought to fear ;
There 's no dead around thee,
There 's no bondage here.

We will bring thee water
From the living spring ;
Drink, and bathe thee freely,
Healing ointment bring,

Pouring on thy bruises,
On each bleeding wound,
Made by cruel fetters,
All so tightly bound ;
Filthy and dishevelled
Though be now thy hair,
We will dress and trim it
With the nicest care,
And with fitting garments
Clothe thy naked frame.
Thee, our child and brother,
Henceforth we will claim !
Food we set before thee,
Eat, nor be afraid ; —
Slave thou art no longer, —
We 've thy ransom paid !
And thy name of bondage
We will cast away,
And the name of RANSOM
Thou wilt take to-day ! ”

All these words of welcome,
Both with heart and tongue,
To the trembling captive
Thus delighted sung
She, who at lone midnight
Raised her faith's strong prayer
To her Heavenly Father,
Praying Him to spare.

VI.

Now the child, refreshed and strengthened,
With alternatè smiles and tears,
All the tale of his deliverance
Soon from his companions hears.

When they point to his deliverer,
Tears, like rain, pour down his cheeks ;
And he, grateful, looks the language
Stronger far than words can speak.

While a group fast gathering round him,
Filled with wonder and with awe, —
Question him of all his feelings,
All he heard, and all he saw ;

And he told them of his strivings,
In his prison-house forlorn,
Trying to undo his fetters —
Showed his wrists and ancles torn ;

Told them how he half succeeded,
After he had suffered long, —
How he heard the angels singing
Unto him their midnight song ! —

And they heard with silent wonder —
Heard they him, that listening throng —
Heard with wonder, and believed him, —
Then they mused in silence long.

VII.

His companions have departed,
Each one, on his way to roam, —
Leaving now the little Ransom
In the teacher's quiet home.

Soon he showed his grateful feelings
In a thousand pleasant ways ;
Trying how he might be useful,
Win his benefactor's praise.

Then they told him of the Saviour,
Taught him how to pray and read ;
And to all their godly lessons
Quick he gave an earnest heed.
And a bright and playful being,
Full of life and full of joy,
Was the happy captive Ransom —
Was the little Indian boy.

APPEAL FOR THE INDIAN.

I.

I have finished now my story
Of the little Indian slave ;
But this boon, before I leave you,
Reader, I will humbly crave :
When, to God at eve and morning,
You your sacred offerings raise,
For the blessings he has given,
In your fervent prayer and praise ;
Then remember Indian Ransom,
Now perhaps to manhood grown ;
Pray that God will bless and keep him, —
Pray ye not for him alone ;

But for ev'ry tribe and kindred
Of the suffering Indian race ;
Dear as thine his deathless spirit,
Though of olive hue his face.

Many a noble soul is covered
By a black or tawny skin ;
View him as thy friend and brother,
White as thou, perchance, within.

II.

Ye who in the halls of Congress
Nations' themes and laws debate,
Pity, pity the poor Indian,
And his sad and helpless state.

Well I know that he is savage,
And his foe he will not spare ;
But who blames the lion's fierceness,
When you drive him from his lair ?

If the fiat comes from Heaven,
If God speaks to thee the word,
We will not so greatly blame thee,
If thou then unsheathe thy sword.

But the voice of sweet forgiveness
Thou hast heard from Calvary ; —
Has he wronged thee ? — O forgive him,
As thy God forgiveth thee.

Talk not of extermination ;
But oh, spare the remnant, spare !
Lest thy God, in judgment, visit
Thus the nation of thy care.

Give them place to dwell among us,
Give them houses, lands, and friends ;
For on them, as well as others,
God the rain and sunshine sends.

III.

Ye who unto God have given
Of your goods, with heart sincere,
For the poor and suffering Indian, —
You 've not lost them, never fear.

Many a poor and shivering creature
Have your Dorcas-garments warm
Covered from the cold of winter,
Shielded from the raging storm ;

Many an almost naked female
Have in decent vesture clad,
Fitted for the house of worship,
Making her and teacher glad,

While with serious, calm deportment,
Grateful heart, and tearful eyes,
She hath listened to the gospel,
Which hath made her truly wise.

In the heart of many a savage
Where the Word had taken root,
Springing up, though some hath withered,
Oft it bore delightful fruit.

Some have died in holy triumph,
Praising God with latest breath,
That to them were sent the tidings
Cheering through the gates of death.

Numbers large of orphan children,
From the tribes both bond and free,
Has your bounty fed and clothéd, —
Taught them arts of industry ;
Furnished home, and book, and teacher,
Taught to read the sacred word ;
Many from the gospel preacher
Gladly have the message heard.

IV.

Many weary, way-worn travellers,
Thousands there were wont to roam
Far beyond the Rocky Mountains,
Seeking for a Western home,
Round the teacher's cot have lingered,
While his heart, with pity stirred,
Ministered to all their sufferings,
Preached to them God's holy word.
Though perchance in their own country
They its peaceful offers spurned,
Now their feet to Zion's pathway
Gladly, willingly have turned.
Live amid the darkness shining,
Lights in a benighted land ;
To the Indian and the white man
Lend a cheerful, helping hand.

V.

Oh, the grief, the heartfelt sorrow
Of the teachers you have sent,
Who their time, their strength, their talents,
For the heathen glad have spent,

When from Christian countries roaming,
Wicked white men find their way
To the land where now the gospel
First has shed its glimmering ray.

Oft the wolf around is prowling
Round the shepherd's quiet fold,
And the lamb, so watched and guarded,
In his clutches seeks to hold.

Hast thou seen the vulture hover
Round the traveller on his way?
Waiting for his strength to fail him,
Pouncing then upon his prey?

Knowst thou the familiar fable
Of the wolf and little lamb,
Who unto the quiet streamlet,
Weary, thirsty, panting, came?

How for vain and false pretences,
When he found him in his power,
Slew the wolf the feeble lambkin,
Slew him, that he might devour?

Hast thou seen the eagle, darting
On a feebler bird of prey,
And, by skill and strength superior,
Basely force his game away?

These may be but hidden sayings
Unto those who will not hear,—
But a word is all-sufficient
When the wise man lends his ear.

VI.

Thus to white, as well as red man,
Has your bounty been applied ;
Laying for their future welfare
Strong foundation, deep and wide.

While upon the western prairies
Schools and colleges arise, —
Churches, laws, and Christian teachings,
Fit to make the people wise.

Throw a stone into the lakelet,
First it makes a tiny wave ;
On it widens, farther, farther, —
Soon yon distant shore 't will lave.

Thus one pure and single effort
Made for God shall never cease ;
But its influence ever widens,
Onward ever will increase.

And when long thy dust hath slumbered
Quiet in the silent tomb,
Shall the good by thee accomplished,
Then as living laurels bloom.

VII.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
And though now thou seest it not,
Safe thy Heavenly Father keeps it,
'T will not be by him forgot.

Thou in future days mayst find it
Springing up, all fresh and green ;
Bearing fruit a hundred thousand,
From thy little scanty grain.

Seed that long hath seeming slumbered,
Oft shall suddenly arise,
Bearing stalk, and fruit, and flower,
Filling us with glad surprise.

Thus, within the heart of savage,
Hidden oft the sacred word, —
When a-near to death he draweth,
In his soul is deeply stirred.

Then the spark, now seeming smothered,
Of the pure celestial fire,
Oft unto a flame may kindle,
Burning bright, and rising higher ;

Lighting, cheering all his pathway
Through the shadowy vale of death ;
Telling him of life immortal,
When he yields his fleeting breath.

Then regret not, talk' no longer
Of your bounty thrown away,
Give a thousand-fold the more,
God shall bless you in your day.

Peace shall soothe your dying pillow,
As upon a life well spent
Ye shall look, — nor then will sorrow
That to Him your goods were lent.

And when you with all the millions
Stand around the judgment throne,
Then your name, among the ransomed,
Christ, the righteous Judge, shall own :

Saying, "Come with me, ye blessed,
In my house forever be ;
Not alone to them ye did it,
But ye did it unto me."

PARODY

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. JASON LEE, MISSIONARY.

Try again, Christian hero,
Try again, try again !
Ere you yield hope forever,
Try again ;
There 's a tide in nature's law,
And some blessed breeze may blow ;
Try again, —
Though you meet with many a foe,
Try again !

Dost thou see, Christian hero,
Dost thou see, dost thou see,
Through the lapse of future ages,
Dost thou see ?
That, upon thy efforts bold,
There depends a sum untold,
Dost thou see ?
Many a precious name enrolled
In the book of life, my brother,
Dost thou see ?

In that lonely, savage land,
Far away, far away,
With that little praying band,
Far away,
We have tried and tried again,
In sorrow and in pain,
Far away, —
Some dear, precious souls to gain,
And like thee would try again,
If we may.

See ! a band upon our knees !
Speed away ! speed away ! —
To pray success to thee
Speed away !
Thy helpers here to be,
Now we pledge thee solemnly, —
Speed away !
Thou art fixed, and so are we ;
So God speed thee, Christian brother, —
Oregon shall yet be free ! —
So God speed !

LAMENT

FOR THE REV. JASON LEE.

Thou hast tried, Christian hero,
 Thou hast tried ;
In the trial, in the conflict,
 Thou hast died.
Of thy sorrow, of the anguish
 Of thy heart,
Hath the praying band that loved thee
 Borne a part.

But thy memory ! — shall it perish,
 Shall it die ?
No, thy virtues we will cherish,
 While we sigh
O'er the dearest hopes so blighted
 By a stroke, —
O'er the heart so sadly slighted,
 Crushed and broke.

When the western tribes were calling
 For the Word,
On the ear their accents falling,
 Many heard.
“ Who will bring to us the Gospel ? ”
 Was the cry ;
Then thy noble heart responded,
 “ Here am I ! ”

Thou didst leave thy home and kindred,
And thy rest,
For the mountains and the prairies
Of the West ;
Through the deserts, o'er the mountains,
Urge thy way,
The glad tidings to the red man
To convey.

Where the footsteps of the white man
Scarce had trod,
Thou didst raise a sacred altar
To thy God ;
On the banks of fair Multnomah
Fresh and green,
And around it, humbly kneeling,
Might be seen, —

Yes, around it, humbly kneeling,
There we saw
The Nez Percè, Calapooyah,
Iroquois.

Of the bounty of thy table
They partook,
Wallahwallah, Clamath, Shaste,
And Chenook.

The Hawaiian, the Tahitian,
Japanese,
Highland, English, the Canadian,
And the Swiss ;
French and Spanish, with the Creole,
And the Creek
Ethiopian, and the Cayuse,
Heard thee speak

Of the Saviour, that from heaven
 Came to die,
To make for them a pathway
 To the skk.
While the Catholic, so rigid,
 Of old Rome,
At thy large and ample altar
 Sought a home ;
With streaming eyes exclaiming,
 “ Teacher, kind,
Home within your place of worship
 Let us find,
For we 've here no priest to bless us ;
 Give us food ;
Your religion, well we like it,
 It is good.”
Yet thy hand disdained not labor,
 Nor the toil
That gathered forth the blessing
 From the soil, —
Not to pamper, or to lavish,
 On thyself ;
Not to lay up heaps of treasure —
 Of the pelf.
While thy comrade and thy kinsman,* —
 Worthy thee,
The name and spirit bearing
 Of a Lee, —
(And of the ancient Hebrew,
 Which he bears,)
In thy sufferings and thy labors
 Meekly shares.

*Rev. Daniel Lee.

And the pious, sainted Shepard,
 Friend indeed
To all those who were around him,
 In their need.
Well the feeble flock ye gathered,
 Knew to keep ;
And was guide, as well as shepherd
 Of the sheep.
All the lambs he gently folded
 With his arm ;
Kept the weak, the sick, the wounded,
 From all harm.
Teacher, brother, sister, mother,
 Guide, and friend,
In his character and conduct
 Sweetly blend.
In memory of your virtues,
 Pause I here ;
O'er your sorrows, o'er your sufferings
 Drop a tear.
Ye, in life, were one in friendship,
 One in heart ;
But in death, your bodies severed
 Far apart.
His, by flowing fair Multnomah
 Of the west ;
In the realm of Queen Victoria,
 Thine doth rest.
Yet your spirits both shall mingle
 In that home,
Where no grief, nor wrong, nor sorrow
 Ever come.

Where the good we strive to render
Shall not be
Ever spoken of as evil,
Carelessly ;
Where the heart, o'erburdened, wearied.
May repose —
From the friends who would betray it,
And from foes.

Where no angry frown will meet us,
When opprest, —
Deep in body, soul and spirit,
Seeking rest ;
Where the heart's unuttered yearnings,
Sorely tried
For true sympathy and friendship,
Are supplied.

Where no chilling word will greet us,
“ Why hast come,
While for thee, among the savage,
There is room ? ”
But the cheering word awaits us :
“ Come, ye blest,
Welcome to your Father's mansion,
Come and rest !

“ Thou hast finished, faithful servant,
Good and true,
Nobly done the work assigned thee,
Thou art through,
All thy tears, and all thy sorrows,
Bid them cease,
And enjoy with us in Heaven
Rest and peace.”

There awhile I leave your spirits,
To renew
Yet the story of your labors, —
Or pursue
Still awhile the weary pathway
Which ye trod,
In your labors for the red man,
And for God.

MINOT'S ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE.

“IT stands upon nine wrought-iron pillars, sunk five feet into the rock, which, though only twenty feet across, has destroyed more ships than any other single ledge upon our coast.”

As o'er the broad Atlantic wandering,
Near to its rock-bound coast I drew,
Delighted on the scenery pondering,
There rose upon my wondering view
A dome, on iron pillars resting,
Firmly inserted in the rock, —
The storms and billows nobly breasting,
Though trembling oft beneath their shock.

Majestic o'er the billows towering,
A giant-sentinel it seemed,
And midst the storm and tempest lowering,
Calmly its light on ocean gleamed !
That light hath many an ocean-ranger
Warned of the rocks and ruin near,
And bade him timely flee the danger,
And reach the port of safety clear.

That beacon-fire some hand is lighting,
Those dangers some strong heart must brave,
Who there, amid these scenes affrighting,
Alone may meet a watery grave.
But who would fix his lonely dwelling
In such a place of wild alarm,
Where winds and angry waves are swelling? —
Fit home for genii of the storm !

And on those rocks of greater danger,
Upon the coast of life's rough sea,
Where many a heedless, wandering ranger
Hath met a fearful destiny, —
Oh, who shall have the noble daring
To light the beacon-fires of truth, —
His bosom to the tempest baring,
To save from ruin age and youth ?

While thus I mused, a sleep came o'er me,
And in my dream, methought there stood
A spirit-form — it passed before me,
And thus its words I understood :
“ Mortal, whenever duty calls thee,
Upon the rock or desert shore,
Thou 'rt safe ; no harm can e'er befall thee ;
Thy God is there — what need'st thou more ?

“ Go light the fires on life's dark ocean,
Nor fear, though lone thy dwelling be ;
For in each scene of dread commotion,
Thy God shall ever be with thee ;
And at the post of duty falling,
Glorious, not sad thy fall shall be,
For others, oft thy deeds recalling,
Shall light the beacon after thee ! ”



MINOT'S ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE ; *

OR, THE MARTYRS' GRAVE.

I passed by the spot where the light-house had stood,
 As a giant-watcher o'er the flood,
 With its beacon-light brightly beaming there,
 To tell of the hidden danger near.
 But alas ! all the signs I there could trace
 Of the watchers' lonely dwelling-place,
 Were the broken shafts, that rose through the wave,
 To mark the place of the martyrs' grave !

O sad is the tale those pillars tell
 Of the fate that the watchers there befell ;
 No marble pile may such records show,
 Or more plainly speak of the heart's deep woe.

* After it was swept away.

Thou Spirit that guardest the mighty deep,
And thy nightly watch o'er the sailor dost keep,
Tell me, O tell, how the true and the brave
In that sad, dark hour met their watery grave.

They had watched through many a weary night,
With their beacon shining clear and bright ;
'Mid the tempest's howl and the billows' roar,
They had guided thousands safe to the shore ;
Oh, sank not their hearts in that fearful hour
When they felt the force of the tempest's power —
And their dome the fearful tokens gave
That alone they must meet their ocean-grave ?

“ O ask not, mortal, how they died ; —
Though burried deep 'neath the whelming tide,
They were found, to the last, at duty's post, —
Let not their example to thee be lost.
There are rocks on life's tempestuous sea,
Where the friendly beacon must lighted be ;
Raise it bright and clear o'er the threatening wave,
And fear thou not the martyr's grave ! ”

MINOT'S LIGHT SHIP.

As I stood on the bank 'neath a wide spreading
willow,
Where old Massachusetts Atlantic doth lave,
A vessel I saw proudly launched on the billow,
'Mid the shouts of the people she greeted the
wave.

Her timbers were firm and well jointed together,
Her helm would steer true 'mid the roughest of
weather,

Yet she skimmed o'er the ocean as light as a feather,
And many the hearts that rejoiced in the sight.

Time passed, and the autumn gales round me were
sighing

With thousands borne on by the favoring wind,
I passed where a vessel at anchor was lying,
And yet in my spirit I lingered behind.

With others, though bound to the shrine of devotion,
My heart it was filled with a saddened emotion,
As I thought on that lonely fair gem of the ocean
Once so buoyant and free, now so sad in its plight.

Ah, why noble ship, why so idly art lying ?

Come weigh now thy anchor, unfurling thy sail,
Through the depths of the ocean thy helm should be
plying,

Thy canvas be spread to the favoring gale,
Now rouse thee, and put all thy timbers in motion,
Go forth with thy mates, thou fair gem of the ocean.
'Twas thus I exclaimed with enkindled emotion,

When a voice sad and sorrowful greeted my ear.

"And well mayest thou pity my fate, O thou
stranger,

Held fast by my anchor, my sails tightly furled ;
O had I the power I would brave every danger,
And glad would be urging my way round the
world.

Give, give me my wings and I'll quickly be flying,
O'er the fields of the ocean will swiftly be hieing,
So weary, so weary at anchor thus lying

With my comrades around me so active, so gay.

“Lo, bound with rich freight to the isles of the ocean,
See gliding before me yon fair Morning Star ;
To raise 'mid their darkness the light of devotion,
And some to the nations in sorrow afar.
In each port of the earth shall their pennons be
waving,
All waters of ocean their keels shall be laving,
Some the stormy south capes or the Arctic be
braving,
And others cast anchor on Palestine's shore.”

Again on my ear the faint echo seemed falling
Of a voice I had long ago heard in my sleep —
So sweetly, so gently, yet earnestly calling,
'Twas the voice of the angel that guarded the
deep, —
“Hold, mortal, nor deem who abroad may be roving,
Or 'mid life's busy scenes may be actively moving,
Alone are their time or their talents improving,
For those truly serve who but stand still and
wait.”

“Though vainly and useless to thee, O thou stranger,
The Light Ship seems idly to rest on the wave,
She boldeth the beacon that warneth of danger,
She saveth her thousands from death and the
grave.
While some the rough dangers of ocean are daring,
And abroad in the commerce of nations are sharing
Her part she with them ever nobly is bearing,
And she truly doth serve, though she seems but
to wait.”

And thou who perchance some great work wouldst be
doing,

The humblest of callings must meekly fulfil,
While onward the pathway of duty pursuing,

Must learn well the art and the time to stand still.
If love to thy God in thy heart deep is burning,
And thine eye to thy Master thou ever art turning,
This lesson thou patient wilt need to be learning,
That often to do, is to suffer and wait."

How oft while 'mid seens of this life I've been
pressing,

And barriers around me have hedged up my way,
When my heart would go forth breathing mercy and
blessing

Like a vessel at anchor compelled still to stay,
Have I thought of the time that I stood 'neath the
willow,

And the voice of the angel that came o'er the billow,
Whispering soft in my ear as I lay on my pillow, —

"All those truly serve who but stand still and
wait."

Then three cheers for the Light Ship at anchor though
lying,

And blessings and prayers for her officers brave ;

Ye wearily watch while your comrades are flying,
Ye are guarding the beacon our brothers to save.

Watch on, while your mates o'er the ocean are
bounding,

Watch on though mid tempests and thunders re-
sounding ;

Watch on, — shed your light o'er the darkness sur-
rounding,

God guard the Light Boat as she floats on the wave.

GOLD ! GOLD ! GOLD !

Away ! away ! to the land of gold !
We will all enlist with a daring bold,
We will fill up our coffers with wealth untold,
 To the favored land we go !
Now farewell care and foreboding fears,
We will bid adieu to sorrow and tears,
We will lay up treasure for many years,
 So on to San Francisco !

California's mines we will well explore,
We will search all her hills and valleys o'er,
In the clefts of the rocks by the ocean shore
 We will fearlessly wend our way ;
We will carefully trace all her winding streams,
And each precious grain will grasp as it gleams,
From the moment the first ray of morning beams,
 To the darkening close of day !

Alas ! alas ! for your joyous schemes !
They are all but empty and idle themes,
Deceitful visions and golden dreams,
 To bewilder and lead astray ;
For there's naught but labor and toil and care,
With sad disappointment and sorrow and fear,
Thick strown in the pathway for each one to share,
 Who for riches would hasten away !

Ye may fill your coffers with wealth untold,
Ye may heap like the dust your shining gold,
In the book of fame have your names enrolled,
 But, alas ! they cannot buy
One moment's peace for the guilty breast,
Nor give to the weary spirit rest,
Nor supply for the heart with grief oppressed,
 The tear of sympathy.

Yet perchance with this golden mania fired,
Thou art still with a noble aim inspired,
And dost purpose in generous acts untired

Thy spoils of wealth to spend ;
To visit the homes of wretchedness,
To aid the widow and fatherless,
And all that need with comforts to bless,
And become the poor man's friend !

But gold hath a fearful power to freeze
The heart's most tender sympathies,
And once possessed of its treasures,
Thy aim thou mayst forget.

Plant not in thy heart that bitter root, —
The love of money — whence many a shoot
Of evil will spring, to bring forth the fruit
Of bitterness and regret.

Oh, it is not the gold that ye need, to fill
The aching void which your spirits feel ;
Possessed of this treasure, insatiate still
Will be the immortal mind ; —
There's a heavenly mine of wealth untold,
More precious far than the choicest gold —
True wisdom, that cometh to young and to old,
And each one who seeketh may find.

Oh come, then, enlist, and this prize obtain ;
Here no one that searcheth will search in vain,
But the only true riches will surely gain,
That never will fade away ;
'Twill ever remain unsullied and pure,
While endless ages shall endure ;
Oh, make then this heavenly treasure sure
Enlist ye without delay.

It will fill the void of your aching breast,
Will soothe the heart with grief opprest,
And give to the weary spirit rest, —
 The fear of death remove ;
'Twill give you all in this life that you need,
And when from its toils your spirit is freed,
'Twill give you a heaven of bliss indeed,
 At God's right hand above.

“BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH
THE POOR.”

A thousand blessings on your heads
When plenty crowns your store,
If minding those that lack for bread,
You seek the suffering poor ;
If not in Fame's fair temple
Your name may graven be,
'Twill live in many a thankful heart
With blessed memory.

Oh, little know ye, or can know,
Whom plenty always fills,
The sorrow, or the depth of woe,
That poverty reveals ;
Nor can ye measure well the joy
Or gladness ye impart,
As ye your time and goods employ
To cheer the poor man's heart.

Here's one, perchance, who long has borne,
In suffering silence on,
The weight of sickness, pain and want, —
His strength and hope are gone ;
He feels there's none that cares for him ;
But when your gifts arrive,
His wants relieved — his heart is cheered,
His strength and hope revive.

Ye seek the lonely widow's cot ;
Of guide and friend bereft,
How sad and cheerless is her lot,
With helpless orphans left !
With earnest heart and tearful eye,
She plies her utmost skill,
And yet she fails to meet their wants, —
Grief doth her spirit fill.

Oh, could ye only read the joy,
The heart-felt thankfulness
That dwells within that widow's heart
As ye her orphans bless,
'Twould nerve your hearts for nobler deeds,
'Twould well your care repay,
As scattering blessings round your path,
Ye urge your onward way.

And here is one whom God has called
To labor in his field,
Whose time and strength for other's good
He cheerfully would yield ;
But poverty at every step
Impedes his wonted course,
He strives to labor on in hope,
Though with an empty purse.

He looks abroad upon the world,
And at that earnest view,
He sees the harvest field is ripe,
The laborers are few.

He longs to enter on the work
With all his heart and soul,
But feels the prospect is but dark
'Neath poverty's control.

Not for himself the anxious thought,
The falling tear is shed,
But for those helpless ones that look
To him for daily bread ;
Sorrow and want, and toil and pain,
Himself might well endure, —
Those helpless ones from suffering
He gladly would secure.

Just at that hour when hope is gone,
And he with anguish feels
His work must e'er remain undone,
Kind Providence reveals
A friendly hand, that needed aid
And present want supplies ;
He lifts his heart with gratitude,
And then with tearful eyes.

Again he nerves him for the work,
And on he gladly runs,
Becomes a bright and shining light
To cheer benighted ones.
That friendly hand which needed aid
So timely did impart,
In all the good that he hath done,
Hath surely borne a part.

Then cease ye not your works of love,
But seek the needy still ;
Rich blessings on your heads shall rest,
From Him your stores who fills ;
And when the day of reckoning comes,
Ye then shall hear the sound —
“Ye did it unto me !” — and then
Shall your reward be found !

LINES

ON READING BURRITT'S APPEAL FOR A SHIP-OF-WAR
TO CONVEY DELEGATES TO THE “WORLD'S PEACE
CONVENTION.”

Thy vessels, O America !
Are borne on numerous seas ;
Thy sails are seen in every port,
Unfurled to catch the breeze ;
Thy banner waves where'er the helm
Of mariner hath plied,
And on the breast of many a wave
Thy war-ships proudly ride !

In each pursuit that e'er engaged
The busy heart of man,
Thy seamen bold their way have urged, —
A noble, hardy clan, —
Amid the icebergs of the north,
And through the tropics borne,
And round the dreary, stormy capes
Of Good Hope and the Horn !

With Europe, and with Asia's ports,
Thou hast a commerce free,
And in thine arms encirclest
The isles of every sea ; —
I cannot speak of Afric's name,
That wronged and injured land,
Without a burning blush of shame ! —
Without a trembling hand !

And thou hast lent thy share of aid
In Science' high pursuit,
Around the world thy tour hast made,
And reaped abundant fruit ;
And even upon the sacred shore
Of loved Palestina,
Thou now her places dost explore,
Of hallowed memory.*

O say, if on those sacred plains
No echo *now* ye hear
Of those delightful heavenly strains
That met the shepherds' ear,

* Referring to an exploring expedition then making researches in Palestine.

As guided by the Eastern Star
They onward urged their way,
And hastened to the lowly spot
Where the infant Saviour lay ?

Do not those heavenly accents sweet,
Of music linger still
Upon that dear and lovely spot
By Bethlehem's hill —
“ Good-will henceforth to men be breathed,
And to the earth be peace.”
Oh, catch the sound, nor let it die
Till war's dominion cease.

Upon that mount where Jesus spake
To listening multitudes,
And in their willing ears proclaimed
Those high beautitudes,
Say, hear ye not the echo still ? —
“ Blest is the man of peace —
Return to each one good for for ill —
Love, love your enemies.”

And deeper still the echo hear,
While ye with sacred awe,
Approach the revered Gethsemane,
And near to Calvary draw !
There, 'mid the groans and deep distress
That rung a Saviour's heart,
Oh, hear ye not a thrilling sound
To make the warrior start ?

“ Put up thy sword ! put up thy sword ! ”
That mandate dost thou hear
As Peter there his blade unsheathed,
And smote the servant's ear ! —

And listen to those warning words :
“ All they that take the sword,
And make its bloody work their choice,
Shall perish by the sword.”

Hear'st thou not still on Calvary's mount,
That dying sound, “ Forgive ? ”
May it henceforth within thy heart
Forever, ever live !
And while the Christian name is thine,
His blest example love,
And to a title so divine,
Thy right by mercy prove.

Too many a battle-field has seen
Thy blood-bought victories ;
Full many a widow's tears are thine,
Full many an orphan's cries ; —



Then send one ship across the wave,
The demon War to slay ;
The nations of the earth to save
From his dark, fearful sway !
Let not the sound of musketry,
Or cannon loud, be heard,
But take ye for your weapons strong
The Spirit's mighty sword !
And bear ye not a warlike name,
But one of " Peace " and " Love," —
Messiah's banner o'er you wave,
Its emblem be the " Dove ! "

LINES

ON READING THE APPOINTMENT OF THE FIRST
" WORLD'S PEACE CONVENTION."

When shall the reign of peace,
By prophets long foretold,
Throughout the world its victory trace,
In every clime and every place,
And all the earth enfold?—
Though ruin seemeth nigh,
And war and tumult reign ;
Though storm and tempest sweep the sky,
And desolate the plain, —

Not ever shall the storm
And tempest rage on high, —
Behold ! amidst the dread alarm,
The bow of promise, bright and calm,
Appears, to glad the eye !
Soon shall earth's raging cease —
Its threatening waves subside ;
And all its nations, hushed to peace,
In mutual love henceforth increase, —
In harmony abide.

See ! the glad dawn appears !
Light on the morning hills !
The rising sun in radiance nears,
To dissipate our gloomy fears, —
Each heart with gladness fills ;
That glorious time draws near,
Exult we in the thought !
The many signs which now appear
Are all with meaning fraught.

Glad are our waiting eyes,
These long-wished signs to see,
And while we view in yonder skies
The star of Bethlehem arise,
Which tells that war must flee —
“ Good-will and peace to men ”
Be sung anew on earth,
By holy angels yet again,
With those of mortal birth !

The blessed sound prolong,
One shout of victory raise,
From every tribe and every tongue,
Of love, and joy, and praise ;

All heaven and earth shall ring
With strains that ne'er shall cease,
And hail as Universal King,
Messiah — Prince of Peace !

SEBASTOPOL.

FIRST VOICE.

“ Sebastopol is taken ! ”

“ Sebastopol is taken ! ”

What joy, what wonder, and what glad surprise
Are spread through every nation ;
What pride and exultation
Are felt by Turkey and her brave allies !

“ The Northern Bear ” is humbled,
His power will soon be crumbled ;
Proud Russia now is conquered in the fight ;
Before their foes they 're bending,
The Crescent high ascending,
Adorned by the “ Rose ” and “ Flower of Light.”

Loud let the cannon thunder,
Listen with joy and wonder,
While chiming bells peal forth with all their might.
Rejoice ye, all ye people,
Let minaret, tower and steeple,
And every dwelling gleam with cheerful light.

Around each hamlet straying,
Bright bands of music playing,
Forth let the strains in joyful numbers flow,
While every heart rejoices,
And forth from unnumbered voices
Triumphant shouts of victory loudly go.

SECOND VOICE.

Sebastopol is taken !
Ah ! never more shall waken
The many thousands in the siege laid low ;
No favored ones are singled,
But in the dust are mingled
Alike the invader and invading foe.
How many wounded languish,
What sorrow and what anguish !
What floods of tears, what seas of groans and cries
From sisters, daughters, mothers,
From fathers, sons, and brothers,
Widows and orphans, on the ear arise !

Were it our own loved city,
What sighs, what grief and pity
Would from the heart of every freeman go !
What deep commiseration,
Throughout the saddened nation,
What bitter feeling to the invading foe !

Foe ! — Is not each our brother ?
Should we not help each other
Kindly, to bear the varied ills of life ?
Oh, when will every nation,
Throughout the wide creation,
Forever cease their war and endless strife !

THIRD VOICE.

Sebastopol is taken !

What thoughts these words awaken,
What varied feelings in the bosom rise !
Though war seems heavy-fingered,
And long the siege has lingered,
It seems at last to take us by surprise !

Sebastopol is taken,
And all the earth is shaken
With fear and wonder at what next may rise !
Thick clouds that gather o'er us
Proclaim that just before us
Some great event in the dark future lies.

Sebastopol is taken !
What hero's name shall waken
Applause and wonder in the future age,
Whose deeds of fame and glory
Shall live in endless story,
And dwell with honor on the historic page ?

Oft, of the brave six hundred,
Who met, while cannon thundered
Their fate undaunted, shall be told the tale, —
But wreathed with purest glory,
Shall live in future story,
The name — the deeds of Florence Nightingale !

Oh, England's dearest daughter !
As pool of purest water,
Or green oasis on the desert sand ;
Like views from bright Elysium,
So to a world's glad vision,
Is sight of thee and thy devoted band.

Oh, England's blessed daughter !
'Mid carnage and 'mid slaughter,
Thy way thou foundest to the dreadful field !
Though near the stormy battle,
Heeded not cannon's rattle,
But comfort to the wounded thou didst yield !

And thou, the fair Victoria
Regina, excelsæ gloriæ,
Oh, gild with loftier deeds thy fairest reign !
With pure white banner flying,
Go forth to victory, crying —
“ Peace ! peace on earth — let War himself be slain ! ”

In whitest vesture shining,
With olive-leaves entwining,
White banners waving with the Dove of Peace,
New sprinkled at God's altar,
Go forth — and never falter,
Till through the earth War's dark dominion cease !

And with thy sisters pleading, —
Thy help so greatly needing, —
That yonder dwell, in fair Columbia's land,
Methinks I hear thee singing,
While earth and sea are ringing
Heroic strains from thee and all thy band :

“ Rouse, ye slumbering millions
Of America !
Arm ye for the battle !
Death or victory !
Nations loud are calling,
Sisters, for our aid ;
Towns and cities falling,
Homes in ashes laid.

“ Pestilence and famine,
 True, have lent their aid,
 But a foe far mightier
 Doth our lands invade.
 War, that scourge of nations, —
 Long and dark his reign, —
 Though a giant mighty,
 Shall himself be slain.

“ Listen, O Columbia ! —
 Sweet that peaceful name, —
 Gird thee for the contest,
 Let the foe be slain, —
 But the weights that hold thee
 Thou must lay aside,
 And thy loins be girded
 Ere the contest tried.

“ First, thy millions groaning
 In their slavery,
 'Neath thy lashes moaning, —
 Set, oh, set them free !
 Wash thy robes so crimsoned
 With the red man's blood,
 And with spirit chastened,
 Turn unto thy God.

“ Let us with repenting
 For our youthful crimes,
 And the ripened hardness
 Of these later times,
 Take awhile our station,
 Bowed in humble prayer,
 Near the cross of Jesus,
 Whose blest name we bear.

“ Send no more our servants
Forth to preach the word,
In one hand the Bible,
One to clasp the sword !
Not with carnal weapons
Be the victory won,
But with gospel armor,
Firmly girded on.

“ Take us for our mottoes,
Sayings such as these :
‘ Father, oh, forgive them ! ’
‘ Love your enemies ! ’
Graved in golden splendor,
On our front to view,
‘ Do ye unto others
As ye ’d have them do to you ! ’ ”

These golden mottoes keeping,
Though going forth with weeping,
Ye shall return with laurels richly crowned ;
Nations shall lift their voices,
While earth and heaven rejoices,
Angels shall tune their harps to swell the sound !

“ The reign of war is ended,
By all its ills attended,
And o’er the earth forevermore shall cease.
All glory, honor, power,
Shall ever from this hour
Be given to the blessed Prince of Peace.”

Thus heard I music pealing,
Across the water stealing,
From humble harp on fair Columbia's hill !
And England's daughters listened,
Tears in their bright eyes glistened —
Will they this glorious vision e'er fulfil ?

TO THE HUNGARIAN HEROINE,

A LADY WHO HAD FOUGHT IN BATTLE.

A welcome we give thee, O Hungary's daughter,
A welcome sincere to the land of the free ;
An exile from home o'er Atlantic's wide water,
We pity thy country, we sorrow for thee.

But say, for thy brow shall our fingers be wreathing
Those laurels the hero hath gloried to bear ?
Thy praise shall our lips in those accents be breathing
The warrior's minstrel pours forth on the ear ?

With the lays of a Hemans, O friend, shall we greet
thee,

And chant in her songs of a patriot's fame ?
In the list of her heroes on high shall we set thee ?
With glory and honor encircle thy name ?

Ah no ! though from sorrow, and conflict, and
danger,

A refuge thou hast in the land of the free,
Not thus can her daughter receive thee, fair stranger,
Though her heart beat with pity and sorrow for
thee.

Alas! that the hand which in friendship she presses
Should wear the dark stain of a heart's remorse

Pressing Flowers.

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Yea, strong
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For angels
Herself a
But should
Their he
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Was stren

The Little Schoolma'am, a few days ago, was showing the children how to press flowers. Her plan is to take a sheet of thin cotton-batting and lay the flowers carefully on it, covering them with another sheet, and then putting the whole under slight pressure. Sometimes, when the flowers are thick, and contain a good deal of moisture, she puts them in fresh cotton the next day, and after that does not disturb them. But in pressing nearly all the small flowers, the cotton need not be changed at all, and not even opened until the flowers are preserved. I noticed that the Little Schoolma'am's pressed flowers had a soft, bright look. She groups the long-stemmed ones prettily in vases, or lays them between sheets of thin glass, and hangs them in her windows in the winter, she says. They hav'nt at all the poor, pinched, faded, flattened look of flowers prepared in other ways. The Little Schoolma'am presses green leaves and ribbon-grass in the same way, keeping their color perfectly, and she told the children that when they wanted to pile a number of these double cotton layers together, it was better to lay a sheet of blotting-paper in between the sets. Sometimes she lays tissue paper between the flowers and the cotton; but it is of the thinnest kind.—"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," *St. Nicholas* for August.

Thus heard. Mr. Bishop, who mingled with them in a social way till dinner was served. When this was over the members of the State Central Committee's hill!

gathered in the hall attached to the hotel, John G. Thompson performed the duties of Chairman, and the Hon. E. B. Esch acted as Secretary. The State Central Committee was well represented; only three districts were without delegates. The Hon. J. F. McKinney, of Pickaway; Judge J. Kenny, of Ashland; General Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield; Hon. John McSweeney, of Wooster; Senator Andrews, of A.

glaze; the Hon. Milton Saylor, of Harrodsburg; the Hon. H. B. Payne, the Hon. P. Spalding, and the Hon. John W. Heintzelman, delivered brief addresses, which stirred the souls of those present. To the Hon. H. B. Payne was voted the opening speech of the campaign in Cleveland, and the 21st of August was selected as the day. The Hon. John McSweeney, of Wooster, was also invited to arouse the Democratic spirits in the larger towns of the State by laying before them the "indisputable facts."

Owing to the incomparably good time that all had enjoyed while on shore, the whole of the Cleveland company was very jolly on its return trip, and, as representative men, tendered the compliments of the entire Democratic party to Captain Edwards for his kind attentions to them and especially for untiring their pleasure over his craft.

There was a misunderstanding relative to Mr. Bishop's assessment for campaign purposes, but it is understood to have been amicably settled. Mr. Bishop desires a goodly expenditure of money in Hamilton county, believing that to be the best way to secure a fair stranger, near heart beat with pity and sorrow for thee.

laughter, free; water, bee. wreathing bear? breathing we greet thee?

And we greet thee? thee?

And we greet thee? thee?

And we greet thee? thee?

And we greet thee? thee?

And we greet thee? thee?

And we greet thee? thee?

Alas! that the hand which in friendship she presses
Should wear the dark stain of a brother's warm
blood!

'T were better employed to relieve his distresses,
And lead him, though erring, in pity to God.

Yes, though we deplore thy forsaken condition,
The heart and the hand that such daring could
prove,

More fitly were guided in woman's true mission —
The mission of mercy, compassion and love.

And while for her country her heart's deepest feeling
May burn with that zeal which a patriot may bear,
In her still, quiet chamber, in agony kneeling,
She may powerfully wield the strong weapon of
prayer.

Yea, stronger and fitter for woman's sure wielding,
The prayer of true faith and firm trust in her
God,

For angels may come, when He bids, safely shield-
ing
Herself and her land from oppression's strong rod.

But should it descend, and all wrathfully crushing
Their hearts in the dust, by the weight of its
power —

Remember that Christ, while his heart's blood was
gushing,

Was strengthened by angels in agony's hour.

Yet a welcome we give thee, — O Hungary's
daughter !

A welcome sincere to the land of the free !

Though we grieve that thy hand hath engaged in the
slaughter,

We'll pity and pray for thy country and thee.

OUR UNION.

Written on seeing the following sentiment from an eminent statesman : " Let our Union be preserved, though we have to fight for it." *

I.

May God preserve our Union,
Our peace and liberty :
Long may our glorious banner wave
O'er prosperous states and free,
From rough Atlantic's rock-bound coasts
To mild Pacific's shore.
Hail to a nation great and free !
Live, — love — forevermore !

What though of various form and hue,
Of different clime and tongue,
The new world's ample fields are held
Her different tribes among ?
Hath not one Father made us all,
And made us of one blood ?
And shall we not all find at last
One home beneath the sod ?

* Referring to slavery.

'Tis true our nation has its faults —
What nation has them not ?

For nations, as for men — to err
Is but the common lot.

But how shall we our errors mend,
How rise to nobler aims ?

And how shall we attain that point
Our welfare loudly claims ?

Shall we the mote from others' eyes
Attempt with zealous care
To pluck, while in our own, perhaps,
A beam is resting there ?

Nay, rather let us each our own,
Our numerous faults amend,
Then let our care and zeal be shown
To help our erring friend.

Unto our common Father we
Our sins should first confess,
Then ask his aid our efforts true
For others' good to bless.
And then with loving hearts and words
Our brethren's wrongs portray,
Entreating them with earnest love
To choose the better way.

For grievous thrusts and bitter words
Will but their anger stir,
And though the wrong they may perceive,
They longer will defer
To choose the right, than if by love
And kindly actions drawn :
Then henceforth let all bitterness
Of thought and word be gone.

O let us labor on in hope ;
The time will surely come,
When slavery in all our land
Shall meet its threatened doom.
Then with a nobler shout we'll sing
All round from sea to sea,
"Long live — long live America,
The prosperous and the free."

II.

Thus sang the muse when the dim dawn
Had gilded but the hill-tops round,
Leaving the valleys, streams and lawns
Still wrapt in darkness most profound.
As higher up the light ascends,
Revealing all the landscape clear,
Another strain abroad she sends ;
Then lend anew thy listening ear.

Freeman ! arouse ! for a giant foe
Boldly invadeth our nation ;
Arm ye, and forth to the conflict go ;
Come ye from every station.
Come ye as once came Washington,
Leaving the plough in the furrow,
Ye who for gold in the hidden mine
From morn until evening burrow.
Leave ye the anvil and the forge,
Leave ye the spade and shovel,
Come from palace and mansion fair,
Come from the hut and the hovel.

Come from the ways of commerce broad,
Come from the halls of science,
Come from the pulpit and the bar,
Bidding the foe defiance.
Smite not unless the stern command
Loudly from heaven is spoken ;
Yet must the fetters from the hand
Of every slave be broken.
Let not your arms of contest be
Sword or glittering spear,
Use ye not cannon or musketry,
Bombshell or bayonet here.

Take ye the ballot-box and pen,
Take ye the press with its earnest men,
Take ye the naked sword of truth,
List ye the aged, and the youth.
Take with you words of wisdom rare,
Take ye the weapon of earnest prayer,
Arm with the Spirit's mighty sword,
Strongest of weapons is God's own word.
Yea, though all other weapons fail,
Mighty is truth, and must prevail !

When thou shalt forth to the battle go,
Slay not thy friend and brother,
Boldly unite to attack the foe,
Do not devour each other.
Give to the world, in its breadth and length,
Proof of the maxim, " Union is strength ; "
Still let the watchword be for all,
" Stand we united — divided we fall."

Fear not thyself for the truth to die ;
If there be need that require it,
Life — precious life on the altar lie,
Though thy own brother desire it ;
Rather than raise thy weapon to kill,
Rather than thou his blood should spill.

Sadly do they themselves deceive,
Who aver, and would make the world believe
There is more true courage with sword in hand,
Before the invading foe to stand,
Than with guileless soul and brow serene,
With naught but a trusting heart between,
Unarmed to meet the angry foe,
And calmly await the deadly blow.

Who could more justly without pretence,
Earnestly plead in favor,
Claim, too, the right of self-defence,
Than the wronged and insulted Saviour ?
Yet when by raising one feeble cry
Myriads of warriors had come from the sky,
Meekly a martyr he chose to die.

LINES

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THERE WERE "TWO THOUSAND PLACES WHERE LIQUORS ARE SOLD IN OUR CITY."

Two thousand openings from the pit of woe,
In our loved city by the wayside lying !
Two thousand haunts where young and aged go
To quench with liquid fire their thirst undying !

Two thousand poisoned fountains issuing forth,
To carry pain, and woe, and desolation
From east to west, from south to farthest north,
Through our own land, and throughout every
nation !

Fair city of the Pilgrims, blush for shame !
Bow low thy head, and weep with deep contrition ;
Purge out those blots that sully thy fair fame,
Sink those foul pits in their own home — per-
dition !

Sons of the Pilgrims, to the rescue come !
Come every mother, sister, wife, and daughter ;
Quench, quench the fires lit by the demon Rum
And his base kindred, in heaven's own pure
water !

Thus far, no farther shall your influence go,
Who light these fires of death, the heart consum-
ing,
Who from these fountains mix the cup of woe,
To misery and death our children dooming.

Woe, woe upon your spirits e'er shall rest,
A withering curse your hopes and prospects blight-
ing ;

A guilty conscience gnaw within your breast,
If still these solemn warnings ye are slighting.

Almighty Arm ! awake, exert thy power !
O'erturn, subdue the wrongs of our great city ;
Hasten the time ! — bring near the joyful hour ;
Look on us — save us, in thy tender pity !

For this, ten thousand thousand prayers arise
From earnest hearts, low at Heaven's footstool
bending ;

From deepest agony they pierce the skies,
Into the listening ear of God ascending.

Soon may thy heavenly, sweet, majestic flow
Roll through the earth, blest river of salvation,
Till wrong and sin, and misery and woe
Be swept afar from off the wide creation.

Then shall no more the oath, the wanton song,
The curse, the drunken fight, our ears be greet-
ing ;

No more those dens of vice allure to wrong,
That now the pure, the innocent are meeting.

No more shall greedy Mammon heap his store
From broken hearts, from souls in bondage
groaning ;

No more the poor scorned from the rich man's
door,

Or friendless outcast left in misery moaning, —

But love and joy from every heart shall flow,
Peace and good-will shall spread, like hallowed
leaven,

From soul to soul — from land to land shall go, —
God's will be done, as by the blest in heaven !

“WASHING A SWEARER’S MOUTH.”

Yes, wash the swearer’s mouth
From oaths and jests unclean,
Cleanse well the lips that utter forth
Curses and words obscene ;
And mother, teach thy darling son
Ever the swearer’s path to shun.

Wash, too, the swearer’s heart,
Here is the seat of sin ;
Thence oaths and blasphemies depart
From that dark fount within ;
And many a black and evil deed,
As turbid waters, thence proceed.

From out a fountain vile
Pure waters cannot flow ;
If sin the heart defile,
Forth to the lips ’t will go ;
First let the soul be pure within,
Then may ye make the outward clean.

But from what earthly source
Shall we the waters bring?
Stop we the Ganges in its course,
Or find some healing spring
Or fuller’s soap? — We try in vain ;
The Ethiop dark will still remain.

There flows from Calvary’s mount,
A pure and cleansing stream ;
Whoever washes at this fount
Shall make his spirit clean ;
Here let the swearer cleanse his heart,
And from his oaths forever part.

THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT.

“He that knoweth his master’s will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.”

“Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not ;”
What awful words to fall upon thine ear !
None of thy past neglects will be forgot,
But in the judgment to thy grief appear.

’Tis not because thy blessed Master’s will
Far from thy view in darkness lies concealed ;
The sacred Word of truth is with thee still,
And there thy every duty is revealed.

Yes, and the Spirit’s solemn warning voice,
How often to thy inmost soul has spoke,
Entreating thee to make the better choice,
And for a season has thy slumbers broke.

But soon again in wilful sleep were closed
Thine eyes, and shut against the sacred light ;
In worldly joys secure hast thou reposed,
Until ’t was hushed and taken from thee quite.

But is it thus ? — and does that voice no more
Now in the hours of thought thy spirit press —
Urge thee thy vain excuses to give o’er,
Proving again his power to own and bless ?

O hear it still, and hearing mayst thou live ;
Though late, the heavenly monitor obey ;
To God anew thy time and talents give,
And turn thy feet into the heavenly way.

So shall thy rising family in thee
A guide and leader to the Saviour find ;
And as thou followest Christ, a pattern be
To all who seek the Saviour's lowly mind.

Those precious ones committed to thy care,
Oh, train for heaven and immortality ;
Lead thou their footsteps to the house of prayer,
And at thy fireside altar bow the knee.

And when thou sittest in thy quiet home,
Instruct them in the sacred Word divine ;
Or when thou risest up or far dost roam,
Still to them by the wayside drop the line.

So shall, in later years, thy children blest,
Revere their godly father's memory ;
Each heavenly precept on their minds imprest,
Shall prove a blessing to thy family.

"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not !"
Oh, mayst thou not this sound in judgment
hear ;
But may it be at last thy happy lot,
With all thy family in heaven 't appear !

TO A MEMBER OF A GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

"Jesus saith unto him, Follow me."

Thou who the ancestral names of fame and glory,
In Europe and thy native land hast sought,
And many an honored name and pleasing story
To grace thy records and its annals, brought ;

Who in thy line far back in time extending,
So many noble, gifted names canst trace,
And in thy country's annals high ascending,
Thy own with them wouldst nobly, proudly
place ;

And who in lordly hall and ancient dwelling,
Bearing thy name, familiarly hast trod ;
And in thy veins who feelest still is welling
The blood of those who suffered for their God,

Thy Master unto thee is loudly calling,
Thy labor in the vineyard doth require ;
Listen, obey ; before his altar falling,
Thy spirit bathed with pure celestial fire,

Go forth, and take a higher honored station —
Ambassador of Christ the heavenly King ;
So shalt thou gather souls throughout the nation,
And to thy Master gladly thou shalt bring.

And so thy name upon the book of heaven
By record-angel joyfully be traced,
So shall a sceptre then to thee be given,
Unfading crown upon thy head be placed.

So shalt thou then both enter at the portal,
And dwell in mansion richer — costlier far,
And wealth possess, and friends, and fame immortal —

Outshining earth as sun the feeblest star.

This message now to thee the King is sending,
He waits thy answer at this hour of prayer ;
Angels, perchance, around thee are attending,
Waiting thy answer to thy King to bear.

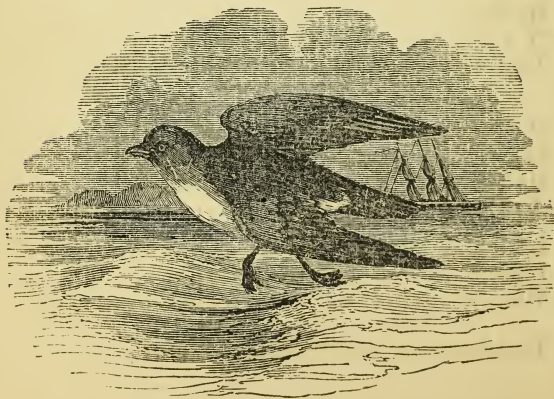
No midway spot is given for thy choosing, —
“For or against,” though many virtues thine;
Poise well the scale — earth’s fleeting honors losing,
But gaining those immortal and divine!
Past is the freshness of thy youth’s bright morning,
But still for thee the Saviour kind doth wait;
Hear yet again the Spirit’s solemn warning,
Ten, and heed it, e’er it be too late!

THE STORMY PETREL.

While o’er the fields of ocean wandering,
’Neath tropic sun and southern sky,
On all its varied scenery pondering,
One little bird hath met mine eye; —
’Tis not in fair and pleasant weather,
When all is tranquil and serene,
With soaring wing and glossy feather,
This little birdling oft is seen.
But when the angry surge is roaring,
And storm and tempest sweep the sky,
It then is seen delighted soaring,
Seeming the tempest to defy;
Or in the surge its feet is laving,
And sporting with its briny foam,
Its dashing and its fury braving,
The storm and tempest is its home!

And I have seen upon life's ocean
A bird that hath immortal wings,
And who in scenes of wild commotion
Soars in the storm — exults and sings ;
But when the storm its fury spending,
In quietness and calm subsides, —
Her soaring and her singing ending,
She smoothe along the current glides.

With drooping wing and spirit fainting,
She scarcely seems to live or move ;
Her courage and her faith are wanting,
Her active zeal and fervent love, —
Till, roused by storm and lightning gleaming,
Upward again she lifts her eye ;
Then soars and sings with joyous seeming :
That bird immortal — sure am I !



LINES

WRITTEN IN A TEMPEST.

'T is the voice of my God in the thunder I hear ;
'Then why should I shrink with dismay and with
fear ?

Though deafening the peals that are rolling above,
'They are accents to me but of mercy and love.

'Though the quick lightning flash and the loud thun-
der roar,

'Though the clouds may their contents in cataracts
pour,

Though the hurricane sweep, and all nature alarm,
I'm safe with my Father—he 'll shield me from
harm.

Or if in his wisdom the lightning's swift dart
He should please to permit to be aimed at my heart,
'T will be well ; to his care I my spirit commend,—
Yes, with joy, to the hands of my Father and
Friend.

O blessed are they who can trust in the Lord,
Can confide in his care, and believe in his Word ;
He 's a refuge in trouble, a help in distress,
A shelter in storm, and in war their sweet peace.

I fear not, my Father, the tempest and storm,
I lean with delight on thy sheltering arm ;
When the storms and the tempests of life are all
past,
To the haven of bliss, O receive me at last.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Must I leave my own dear valley,
My peaceful, quiet home,
For the far-off Western forest,
A stranger there to roam? —
The sweet and flowing waters
Of my own dear native stream,
Where I've oft in childhood wandered
'Mid many a waking dream?

Must I leave familiar faces
I have known from childhood's hour,
Rendered dear by acts of kindness,
And friendship's hallowing power,
For the cold and distant stranger
That my heart may never know? —
From the friends that around me cluster,
Oh, must I, must I go?

The house where my fathers worshipped,
That hallowed place of prayer
Where my friends and kindred gather,
Shall I never meet them there?
O strongly entwined are my heart-strings
Round the scenes of my native home —
Must these silvery cords be severed,
And far, far away must I roam?

Must I leave the village churchyard,
Where my parents' ashes lie?
And your graves, my precious children,
The dearest, tenderest tie?

One deep, deep burst of feeling,
One gush from the heart's deep well,
And I'll bid your graves, my darlings,
A long and last farewell !

Farewell to thee, lovely valley,
To me as enchanted ground ;
Farewell to yon circling hill-tops,
With your noble forests crowned ;
Shall I find, when afar I wander,
Hills and vales as bright as these, —
Waters pure as my own dear river,
And as beauteous forest trees ?

Farewell to my friends and kindred,
Ye still to my heart are dear ;
While it beats to the voice of friendship,
Your images all it will bear ;
We will meet at the throne of mercy,
And pour our hearts' warm prayer, —
We will meet when this life is ended.
The joys of heaven to share.

And you, my darling children,
That I leave in your graves so low,
I will think of you hence in heaven,
Where soon I trust to go ;
Though I leave your mouldering ashes,
My father and mother dear,
Your spirits, dearest parents,
I shall meet in a brighter sphere.

MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

Hark ! from afar as it peals o'er the mountain,
There comes a lone cry on the wings of the wind,
From forest, from valley, from river, from fountain, —
'T is the voice of the red man to sorrow consigned !
Christians, oh, hasten — yea, hasten to bear them
The lamp of salvation, the gospel of peace !

While bowed at their altar of blinded devotion,
There rises a star o'er their pathway to shine ;
They follow its glimmerings with joyful emotion,
They ask of the white man the Volume divine !
Christians, oh hasten — yea, hasten to bear them
The lamp of salvation, the gospel of peace !

Lord, here we come — if thou wilt but send us,
We joyfully hasten to answer their call ;
Thy grace may it guide, and thy Spirit attend us,
While thus on thine altar we offer our all !
O yes ! we will hasten — will hasten to bear
them
The lamp of salvation — the gospel of peace !

Though dear to our hearts be the scenes of our childhood,
With joy we can bid you a lasting farewell ;
We leave you to rove in the far Western wildwood,
The story of Calvary to sinners to tell.
Farewell, till we meet in the kingdom of glory —
Our friends and our country, we bid you farewell !

TO A LABORER IN GOD'S VINEYARD.

Go forward in thy work, burst all the bonds that
bind thee,

And thou canst much in Jesus' name perform ;
Pursue thy onward course, look not behind thee,
And God himself shall shield thee from all harm.

Go forward in thy work, thy Saviour's meek ex-
ample

Of firm endurance e'er thy pattern be ;
Look thou to Him, on pain and pleasure trample, —
Think of the bitter cup he drank for thee.

Go forward in thy work, for much thy labor's needed,
The fields are ripe, the laborers are few ;
Thy prayers and counsels shall not pass unheeded,
But ever keep the Spirit's aid in view.

Go forward in thy work, and though thou goest
weeping,

Bearing the precious seed of gospel grace,
Thou shalt return the golden harvest reaping,
And thy rich fruit in heaven's garner place.

Go forward in thy work, nor let despair come o'er
thee,

Though now the cross thou bearest heavily ;
Beneath the cross behold the crown before thee,
Be faithful unto death — it ever thine shall be !

TO A MISSIONARY TO HAYTI.

God bless thee, my brother, his Spirit attend thee,
While bearing the news of the gospel of peace ;
Though foes may beset thee, yet God will defend
thee, —

Thy heart may he fill with his fulness of grace.

What mingled emotions, what themes for reflection,
The word I have heard from thy lips doth recall ;
The painful, the pleasing, endeared recollection,
Yes, deep in my heart still engraved are they all.

O thine is a work that an angel might covet,
I know well its trials, its conflicts, its snares ;
And were they far greater, yet still should I love it,
For fruit unto life everlasting it bears.

The lights and the shadows, the joy and the sadness,
The hopes and the fears, and the toil and the strife,
Now sinking desponding, now rising in gladness —
All these thou wilt find in the scenes of thy life.

But mark thou the steps of thy Saviour before thee,
While passing through earth on his mission of love,
When waves of deep trouble and pain shall come o'er
thee,
His patience and meekness and zeal mayst thou
prove.

Return to thy vineyard, and though now with weeping
Thou bearest the seed of the word to thee given,
With joy the blest harvest thou 'lt shortly be reaping,
And place the rich sheaves in the garner of heaven.

CONVERSION OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

O 't was a hallowed evening there,
When the savage chieftain knelt in prayer,
 In the teacher's humble dwelling;
'Neath the burden of sin his soul was bowed,
And his accents of prayer were heard aloud,
 While his heart with grief was swelling.

He had lived in the darkness of heathen night,
On his mind ne'er had shone the gospel light,
 Till he heard the white man's teaching
Of a Saviour that came from heaven to save,
Of a state beyond the darksome grave,
 And he gladly had heard the preaching.
The Spirit of God had pierced his heart
With conviction's keen and painful dart,
 All his sins were arrayed before him;
And with him there bowed a praying few,
And around him kneeled his kindred too,
 Yea, and angels hovered o'er him.

'T was a still and a sacred, solemn hour,
A time of the Spirit's mighty power,
 And our hearts with unuttered groaning,
Now raised to God the prayer of faith
That He would save this soul from death —
 This captive in bondage moaning.

Then a silent awe filled all the room,
And we knew that the Comforter had come,
 Had healed the heart that was broken,
Had released the soul from its distress,
And words of forgiveness, salvation and peace
 To the chieftain's heart had spoken.

So we all from our kneeling place arose,
And awhile we sat in a calm repose, —
 When the chieftain the silence breaking,
His voice in gladness began to raise,
And our hearts were filled with joy and praise.
 As we heard him with tears thus speaking :

“I have been a warrior strong and bold,
I have feared not the storm, nor the heat, nor the
 cold,
 And never have fled from danger ;
I have had a brave heart that knew no fear ;
Who has seen from these eyes ever flow the tear,
Till we met in the house of the white man here,
 Who dwells in our midst a stranger ?

“The words of life that to us were brought,
I believed because the teacher thus taught, —
 They entered then to my ear ;
But now to my heart they have come, I know,
Bringing joy and peace, and I know they are
 true,
It is God's own Spirit has taught me so,
 I know it — I feel it here !

“ Oh, the love of Christ, higher far than thought !
Oh, the glorious change in my soul he hath
wrought ! —

It is past all human telling !
My kindred and friends, will ye seek him too ? —
He hath died for me, He hath died for you,
O that all the world this Saviour knew ! ” —

Thus the words from his heart were welling.

Then he bowed, with his kindred kneeling by,
And he raised to Heaven his imploring cry ;

Then a solemn silence keeping,
He whispered soft in each listening ear :
“ Give your heart to Christ — He is here, He is
here ! ”

And God heard the cry — gave the smile for the
tear,

And the song for the voice of weeping !

O that ye who deem this sudden change
In the human heart a delusion strange,

Had then with us been kneeling, —
Seen the power of Christ on this savage breast,
With its calm of peace, and the hush of rest,
And each face in its smile of heaven drest
In that hour of solemn feeling !

AUTUMN.



Again in my quiet, sequestered retreat,
Endeared by long absence I take my loved seat, —
But alas ! what a change o'er the landscape is spread,
Its beauties are faded — its charms are all dead !

When last I was here, how delightful the scene !
The trees all arrayed in their foliage of green ;
The plants and the flowers all rejoicing and bright,
And I gazed on their beauties with purest delight.

The birds all sang gayly amid the green trees,
The butterfly danced, and the brisk honey-bees
Regaled on the flowers that around me were spread ;
But now they 're departed ; the flowers too are dead,

Save one lonely violet that 'neath the sere leaves
Hides her tearful blue eye as in silence she grieves
O'er the loss of her kindred — e'en the tear in her eye
Is now chilled by the frost, and the flow' ret must die.

Ah ! what cruel spoiler has chanced here to stray,
While I from my treasures have been far away ?
'T is Autumn, drear Autumn I know here has past,
For I feel at this moment his chilling, cold blast !

O why, cruel Autumn, why injure me so,
My joys to take from me, my pleasures lay low ?
Only sorrow and sadness thou bring'st to the heart,
Oh Autumn, sad Autumn, I pray thee depart.

“ Though a guest so unwelcome, I 'm sent by His
hand,
Who this garden of earth in his wisdom has planned ;
My time is appointed, I come at his will,
And the work that he gives me I gladly fulfil.

“ The fields with their harvests were waiting for me,
The fruit trees were groaning my gatherers to see ;
The gardens were calling, for fear winter's frost
Would destroy all their fruits, and their treasures be
lost.

“ I have sent for the reapers to gather the fields,
And the fruit that the orchard so bounteously yields ;
The gardens have furnished their generous supply,
And the delicate seeds I have choicely laid by.

“ The sap of the trees I have sent to the root,
To preserve it securely for next summer's fruit ;
The leaves I have strown on the tender plants round,
To be, while they shelter, enriching the ground.

“ With frost I have sprinkled the earth to prepare
The unwary, and bid them for winter to care ;
The feeble my pure cooling air will revive,
And vigor and strength to the invalid give.

“ Farewell ! — I must leave, for my labor is o'er,
And I speed on my visit to yon southern shore ;
But ere on my journey I hasten away,
A word of instruction to thee will convey : —

“ The beautiful foliage that waved over thee,
No longer is waving — but what dost thou see ? —
The pure sky above thee appears to thy view,
And yonder broad landscape so gloriously too.

“ Those forest-crowned hills—those low, lovely vales,
That pure flowing stream, and those sweet pleasant
dales, —

Those beasts of the field, and the cottages there,
Remind thee that others may claim the same care

“ Of thy Father above as on thee is bestowed :
Henceforth when thou judgest the works of thy God,
I bid thee remember, thou short-sighted soul,
That all things are under his sovereign control.”

Thus spake Father Autumn, and then with surprise
I saw, as I lifted my wondering eyes,
New scenes spread before me, all beauteous and
bright, —

My dear cherished arbor had hid from my sight.

And thus when at ease we in luxury sit,
Engaged with ourselves in some quiet retreat,
Are heaven, and the world and its wants hid from view,
Our God and our neighbor forgotten are too.

But when sad misfortune, like Autumn's rough blast,
Sweeps o'er our possessions, we see, when 't is past,
New visions are opened, — the heavens above,
And the world where our thoughts and our labors
should move.

APRIL.



'T is eve, and changeful April wears
Mid-winter's stormy brow,
Shivering and cold her form appears,
Wrapt in a fleece of snow.

Cold blows without the raging wind,
And lest the wintry blast
Yon precious floating bark shall find,
Bind, bind the storm-king fast.

For there is one upon the deep
This night that 's dear to me ;
O may some guardian-angel keep
Safe watch upon the sea !

O changeful April ! sure thou art
A wild, capricious thing,
Unworthy child to bear a part
In the mild rule of Spring.

But yesterday thy blandest smile
Illumined all around,
While birds the morning hours beguile
With airs of sweetest sound.

The little children all went forth
To hear their cheerful lay,
And seek the plants of rarest worth
To deck their Queen of May.

One found the choicest ivy-leaves,
With ruby berries crowned,
And one the fairest laurel-wreaths
Of evergreen had bound.

The anemone one had seen,
One, sweet arbutus flowers,
And all for their expected Queen
Prepared inviting bowers.

Children, and birds, and parents too,
Were happy, blithe and gay, —
All joyed to welcome thus anew
The coming of sweet May.

But thou hast dashed their cup of joy
With thy capricious rule, —
If I were some mischievous boy
I'd call thee April-fool!

RESPONSE.

Hush! hush! thou wild, tumultuous heart —
Be still, thou troubled soul!
Know that the seasons all are kept
Under thy God's control.

The treasures of the snow are his,
The winds are in his hand ;
The rain, the hail, all issue forth
At his divine command.

The lightnings his swift arrows are,
His voice the thunder's roar ;
The clouds are his triumphal car,
All earth he watches o'er.

The smallest sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed by his eye ;
He hears the youngest ravens' call
Whene'er for food they cry.

Then bow before his sovereign sway
Without a murmuring word ;
The seasons all their God obey, —
Obey ! — and trust thy Lord !



“THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.”

It is a sweet and hallowed hour :
Awhile my little flock I leave,
To sit within yon shady bower
On this delightful Sabbath eve.

How soothing thus to steal away
From noise, fatigue, and busy care,
And spend the closing Sabbath-day
In silent thought and humble prayer.

To my worn spirit what a balm
This sunset scenery affords, —
This summer air, so still, so calm,
The evening carol of the birds.

Here, 'neath this shady birchen tree,
Upon a mossy seat I sit,
Which little hands have formed for me,
With fragrant flowers strown at my feet.

How beautiful ! — but ah, a pause
In contemplation's favorite lay, —
A little voice my spirit draws
Back to life's busy scenes away.

Well, be it thus — a Father's hand
Hath wisely meted out my lot,
While on life's active stage I stand,
Alternate scenes of toil and thought.

For this calm hour, these twilight prayers,
Beneath this shady birchen tree,
Better prepared to meet my cares,
My Heavenly Father, I would be.

THE DYING LEAF.

"I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh."

'T was on a lovely evening
Of a bright autumnal day,
That to a neighboring forest
I pursued my lonely way, —
To leave awhile all earthly care,
And all familiar things,
And draw refreshing water
From contemplation's springs.

I knelt me down beneath a tree,
Where often I had strayed,
And oft had gathered strength and hope
Beneath its cooling shade, —
And asked of God, my Father God,
That he his aid would lend,
That better might my spirit be
For the hour I here might spend.

A soft and gentle zephyr came, —
From heaven I thought it strayed, —
And through the trees' thin foliage
With a low sigh it played ;
And I heard a gentle murmuring
From the drooping leaflets round, —
But from one more pallid than the rest,
There came a plaintive sound :

“The summer is departed,
Its beauties all are fled,
And many of my kindred
Are numbered with the dead !
And soon I too must follow,
For life is ebbing fast —
My place, perchance, will be with them
At the next northern blast !

“O what has been this life to me
But one short summer-day ?
I linger but a moment here,
Then I must pass away :
Yet would not of my lot complain,
Though life has been so brief,
If I had been of any use —
Alas ! I ’m but a leaf !

“The bright and merry songsters
Which have warbled in our wood,
A happy, useful life they live
In doing others good ;
They build their nests and rear their young
And sing to passers-by,
And ere comes on the wintry blast
To warmer climes they fly.

“The thousand insects passing by,
The very worms that crawl, —
There ’s not a thing so mean as I
That ’s found among them all ;
For to them the boon is given,
Where’er they wish, to move,
And for each other seem to feel
Kind sympathy and love.

“ The little flowers and plants that lie
Profusely scattered round,
Have all their little tasks performed
Since they peeped above the ground ;
Some have filled the air with fragrance,
Given to birds and bees their food ;
Some charmed the eye, some healed the sick,
And they 've all been doing good.

“ And though like me they wither
When Autumn comes, and mourn, —
They will revive and bloom again,
At gentle Spring's return !
And so I, too, had I the power
To leave the parent stem,
And plant myself within the earth,
Might live and bloom like them ! ”

Then all the little leaflets
Murmured their loud assent,
And said they wished that their short life
Had for some use been spent
But soon I heard another voice,
And looking round could see
The kindly tones proceeded forth
From out the parent tree.

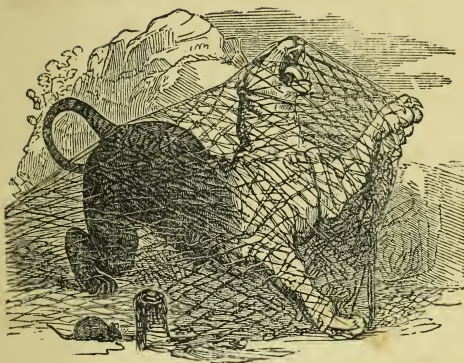
“ Dear fading, dying leaflets,
It fills my heart with grief
To part with you — I feel a pang
For each departing leaf ;
But shall the thing which God has formed
Ask why he made it so ?
Ah, no ! methinks your gentle hearts
Will freely answer ‘ No.’ ”

“ Then do not thus, dear leaflets,
O do not thus complain,
Nor pain your hearts with the sad thought
That ye were formed in vain.
Ye were my glory and my crown,
Delighting every eye,
Oft calling to my cooling shade
The weary passers-by.”

The painter and the poet too,
Your lovely forms have traced,
And oft with leaflets such as you,
The victor's brow they've graced ;
How many a weary pilgrim
Beneath my shade hath knelt,
And fanned and soothed by your sweet breath,
New life and vigor felt.

Though ye are now departing,
Ye shall not useless lie,
But many a faithful lesson preach
To travellers passing by.
Ye will a shield and covering be
To many a tender flower,
And insect tribes a home shall find
Beneath your sheltering power.

And when ye with the common dust
Shall mingle — will arise
Some beauteous flowers to fragrance give,
And charm beholders' eyes !
Then go unto your resting-place,
And peaceful end your days —
Not with the voice of sad complaint,
But songs of joy and praise.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE.*

A FABLE.

There roamed within a forest wide,
With stately step and conscious pride,
And free, majestic mien,
Whether or quick or slow his pace,
The noblest lion of his race
That e'er on earth was seen.

* Addressed to a minister of the gospel.

Great was his wisdom, great his power,
And well he knew to watch the hour
 Best to secure his prey ;
Each beast that roamed the forest o'er,
In terror at his dreadful roar,
 Fled in affright away.

A foe unseen, with skilful art,
Quite near the most frequented part
 Where lion used to stray,
A net of strongest texture wove,
And with his utmost wisdom strove
 To take him for his prey.

One day when all was bright and fair,
Forth went the lion from his lair,
 When, in a heedless hour,
The net around his form was thrown,
And there — forsaken and alone —
 He lay deprived of power.

A prisoner now himself he found ;
To take one stride or make one bound,
 Alas ! in vain he tries ;
Repeats his efforts o'er and o'er,
And then, with a despairing roar,
 Submissive, down he lies.

A little mouse from his retreat
Creeping his morning meal to eat,
 The lion chanced to spy ;
Oft had he sought his eye to gain,
But with a sullen, proud disdain,
 The lion passed him by.

But mousey's heart, with pity moved,
Would fain unto the lion prove
A friend in time of need ;
And thrice he tremblingly essayed
To give the royal captive aid,
But him he would not heed.

Wearied with efforts vain, at length,
Despairing and deprived of strength,
He lays him down to die, —
When God to mousey courage gave,
And sent him forth his friend to save —
God hears the lion's cry !

His little teeth he then applied,
And at the meshes by his side
He nibbled quietly,
When forth the lordly forest-king
Bounded with one triumphant spring, —
The captive then was free.

And now ye powerful, wise and great,
Who sit on high in church or state,
From this a lesson learn ;
The feeblest, though obscure and weak,
That humbly tries your good to seek,
Ne'er from your presence spurn.

“ A cat may look upon a king ; ”
The humblest and the weakest thing
Is not without its use ;
The lowest, most degraded poor,
The meanest beggar at your door
Should not receive abuse.

There 's nothing pleases Satan more
Than fast to get within his power
The minister of heaven ;
Not openly, but in disguise,
With them his choicest arts he tries, —
Beware then of his leaven.

Sin, though it be a little one,
Around the soul it fixes on
A net of iron weaves ;
Though fine as gossamer it be,
And though all unobserved by thee,
Thy soul a captive leaves.

How small, how trifling was the deed
Of Eve — how scarcely worth the heed,
An apple but to eat ! —
So fair, so pleasant to the eyes,
So fitted too to make one wise,
And to the taste so sweet !

O let us, from this sacred hour,
Be free from Satan's cruel power,
No more in bondage groan ;
Henceforth to sin our reckoning be
Forever dead — forever free —
We 'll live to Christ alone.

Then will the spirit from on high,
In answer to our earnest cry,
Again on us descend ;
The people and the priests shall prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love,
And grace in triumph end.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE DOCTRINES OF SECOND
ADVENTISM.

It matters not to me,
Though sad the thought may be,
Whether dissolved by death this frame shall lie
Long underneath the ground,
Or, when the trump shall sound,
Alive in Christ shall be caught up on high.
Joyful I'd yield my breath,
Since Jesus tasted death,
And in the grave hath lain, our souls to save !
Triumphantly I'd sing,
O Death ! where is thy sting ? —
And where 's thy victory, thou boasting Grave ?

It matters not to me
Whether immediately
I enter on my high and full reward ;
Enough for me to know,
If from the flesh I go,
That I shall be forever with the Lord.
Nor would it much abate,
Though the unconscious state,
Which some affirm is after death, were mine ;
A thousand years would seem
But as a moment's dream
When I awake in glory all divine !

It matters not to me
Whether my dust shall be
Each particle restored, to build again
That house not made with hands
Which all immortal stands
In light and glory on the heavenly plains ;
O 't is enough for me
To bear in memory
What is recorded in the sacred Word —
That glorious, all divine,
My body then shall shine
Like to the glorious image of my Lord !

It matters not to me
Whether immediately
Thou, Lord, shalt come and claim me for thine own ;
Or whether many years
I in this vale of tears
Shall still remain — thy blessed will be done.
Whether thou soon shalt come
To give to each his doom,
Or future ages shall thy advent see,
Is known alone to thee ;
And 't is enough for me
If I prepared for that event may be.

It matters not to me
Where, in immensity,
The mansions of the blest shall have a place ; —
For God with them shall dwell,
And every fear shall quell,
And there they shall behold him face to face.

No sorrow, grief, or pain
Shall e'er molest again,
But endless praises shall their tongue employ —
“Worthy the precious Lamb,
Praise to his blessed name
Whose blood hath brought us to this world of joy.”
It matters much to me
Whether prepared I be
These glorious blessings with the saints to share,
Since on my conduct here, —
(What cause have I to fear!) —
Depends — ah, yes! — depends my portion there!
None but the pure in heart
Shall in that song have part,
Sung by the throng around the heavenly throne.
Lord, let thy Spirit's light
Guide — ever guide me right,
And claim me here, and ever, for thine own.

THE PULPIT IN THE GRAVEYARD.

Written on seeing an old pulpit in a graveyard near where
the church to which it formerly belonged had stood.

The pulpit in the graveyard!
With what a solemn awe
Near to this sacred relic
With trembling steps I draw!
Fit place for Contemplation
To plume her thoughtful wings,
Though slow and sad must be the dirge
In such a place she sings.

Though in the sacred pulpit
I ne'er before have stood,
Lo ! here I stand — behind me
The deep and silent wood ;
Before me — what a company ! —
The dead all slumbering lie ;
Yet not to them my message,
But to you, ye passers-by.

How many warnings from this sacred place,
To this low crowd the man of God has given ! —
How many offers of a Saviour's grace,
And invitations to a peaceful heaven !

Oh, none can know the agonizing thought, —
Though some, perchance, have seen the falling
tear, —
The burdened heart the man of God has brought,
Or inward groaning of the spirit, here.

And have unhallowed feet e'er entered here,
Or low desire, or grovelling, earth-born care ?
Satan of old used sometimes to appear
Among God's children in the house of prayer.

O ye who at God's altar
The bread of life supply
With hands and hearts defiled, —
What guilt doth on you lie !
When your account ye render
Unto the Judge severe,
O say, unholy preacher,
Where, where wilt thou appear ?

And some, perhaps, who in this place have stood,
Have ceased on earth to raise their warning voice,
And, landed safe beyond death's chilling flood,
With starry crowns now evermore rejoice.

And thou, forsaken and deserted desk,
Full well hast thou fulfilled on earth thy trust ;
'T is fit that here thy relics too should rest,
And moulder back again into the dust.

This silent crowd before me, —
How peacefully they lie !
Once to this sacred pulpit
Each raised a thoughtful eye ;
But now the sod hath covered
Each living, active form,
Their health and grace and beauty
Have fed the preying worm.

And you that now are passing
Their graves unheeded by,
How soon ye too beneath the sod
As low as they must lie !
O, pause awhile, and listen,
One precious moment spend,
And let us well consider,
Betimes, your latter end.

These worldly plans and scheming,
This thirst for earthly good,
This idle, thoughtless dreaming
Can never here intrude ;
Of all your large possessions
That ye have loved so well,
None but the shroud and coffin
Will fit your narrow cell !

But oh ! if this were all your latter end,
And here, at length, ye might forever rest,
Then 't would be well your time in mirth to spend,
And seek but earthly good to fill your breast.
But how, O sinner, in that awful hour,
When summoned to His bar thy spirit stands,
Beneath the weight of the Almighty's power,
With none to raise for thee his pleading hands, —
How wilt thou wish this precious life's return,
When pardon, peace, and heaven were offered thee ;
How o'er thy fatal madness wilt thou mourn,
That thou didst choose to die eternally !
Heaven yet is thine ; here in this sacred place,
In God's own name 't is offered unto thee ;
His terms accept, be freely saved by grace,
And when, with all this silent company,
Ye too shall stand before your Maker's face,
And sentence for your actions here be given,
May you with joy at his right hand appear,
And hear him say, " Come up, ye blest, to heaven !"

THE INFIDEL'S LAMENT OVER THE DEPARTED.

Farewell forever ! farewell forever !
Oh, sad and cruel fate,
Thus to dis sever
Love's bright endearing chain,
Ne'er to be re-linked again,
Never, no, never !

Farewell forever ! farewell forever !

Oh, my loved companion,

Say, shall I never

Gaze again upon that brow,

All so cold and silent now ?

Never, no, never !

Farewell forever ! farewell forever !

Let me press that brow once more ;

Then I 'll endeavor

To forget this painful scene,

And this anguish now so keen, —

Yet can I never !

Farewell forever ! farewell forever !

In the dark and dismal grave

Sleep thou, forever !

O cruel fate of thine, —

Dreadful thought, 't will soon be mine, —

In the grave forever !

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, my loved one,

Yet not forever !

Though love's sweet, endearing ties

Death may dissever,

'T is but for a season, love ;

Soon they 'll be re-linked above,

In heaven forever !

Farewell, my loved one,
Yet not forever !
Though again upon that brow,
Cold and mortal as 't is now,
Gaze I shall, never ! —
Yet, immortal and divine,
Bright in glory thou shalt shine —
Blessed, forever !

Farewell, my loved one ! —
Thou hast forever
Bade adieu to grief and pain ;
Ne'er shall they disturb again,
But thou wilt ever
Sing the song, with saints above,
Of a dying Saviour's love —
Ever, forever !

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF A DEAR FRIEND.

It cannot be ! most surely I am dreaming !
Death hath not set his seal on that bright brow !
He is not dead ! That eye so brightly beaming,
That voice so sweet, — I see, I hear him now.

So late in life and health I saw him glowing,
With active sport and childish playfulness,
I thought that God the treasure was bestowing
For many years his parent's heart to bless.
Yet whence those tears? — behold, his mother weep-
eth!

He is not dead — “He is not dead, but sleepeth.”

“Yes, he is dead! My heart with grief is swelling,
Within the grave my treasure is laid low;
Lonely and drear seems my deserted dwelling,
I miss his step wherever now I go.
I miss him at his early hour of waking,
I miss his place beside me in his chair,
I miss him when my lonely walks I'm taking,
And when I see the clothes he used to wear.
To hear his voice, to greet his eye I languish,
O pity me, my sister, in my anguish.”

My heart doth mourn for thee with deepest feeling,
Although thy loss I ne'er can comprehend;
Look thou to Him who, all thy anguish healing,
Will be the mourner's tender, faithful friend.
To Him I trust thine eye of faith is turning,
A refuge thou wilt find him in distress;
O hear his voice, though deeply thou art mourning,
And may his words have power to cheer and bless.
“Fear, fear thou not; thy God thy treasure keepeth,
He is not dead — he is not dead, but sleepeth.”

He was a lovely child, so full of life and beauty,
And gladness spread wherever he might move ;
So well performed his every childish duty,
That no one ever saw him but to love.
But he is gone, no more by pain attended,
No grief or sorrow shall he ever know ;
And thou, when all thy labors here are ended,
Unto thy child, dear mother, thou wilt go.
Then dry thy tears, thy God thy treasure keepeth,
He is not dead — “ he is not dead, but sleepeth.”
But he will wake again on that blest morning,
When all the ransomed from their beds arise ;
Then with what joy, with all the saints returning,
Thou 'lt meet thy child with Jesus in the skies.
Then dry thy tears, and let the promise cheer thee, —
All those who sleep in Jesus he shall bring.
The time is short, thy God is ever near thee,
His presence oft shall cause thy heart to sing ;
The time is short — thy God in safety keepeth
Thy little one — sweetly in Christ he sleepeth.

EMILY.

They bear thee hence, our loved one,
To thy last, quiet home,
They bear thee from our presence,
Where pain can never come.
Those days and nights of anguish
Are now forever fled,
And yet it scarcely seemeth,
My daughter, thou art dead.

The sun shines through our casement
As bright as ever now,
The zephyrs blow as gently,
As sweet yon waters flow.
The green and lovely valley,
Spread out before our view,
With its shady elm and maple
Wears still as rich a hue.

The flowers thy hand hath planted
Still flourish in our sight,
The harp that to thy gentle touch
E'er yielded fresh delight,
The music of the songsters
Which warbled at our door,
Are all, perchance, to others,
As sweet as e'er before.

But a shade is on the sunlight
To us since thou art gone ;
The gentle evening zephyrs
Now miss the cheek of one,
And the sweet and lovely prospect
Spread out before our view,
To us its charms have faded, —
Thou canst not see them too.

The flowers thy hand hath cherished,
Oh, how they speak of thee !
The harp that once gave music
Must ever silent be.
And e'en the joyous songsters
Seem to take another tone,
To us their notes are sadness
Since Emily is gone.

My mother, dearest mother,
Why shouldst thou weep for me ?
Thy daughter from the ills of earth
Is now forever free.
Earth's scenes, 't is true, have faded
From my enraptured sight,
But on prospects far more glorious
I gaze with pure delight.

The plants that there I nurtured
Would die beneath my care,
But here, forever blooming,
Are richest plants and rare ;
The amaranth, the myrtle,
The rose of Sharon, too,
Yielding celestial fragrance,
Sparkling with heavenly dew.

Strains of celestial music
Float ever on mine ear,
A golden harp most precious,
I tune delighted here.
None of earth's low discordant tones
Are yielded to my touch,
These prospects, flowers, this music, —
Would that ye too had such !

The choicest heavenly spirits,
Jesus the Saviour too,
Who died that we might live above,
I now with rapture view.
No more the light of earth I need ;
Beams from that Blessed One
Shine ever on us day and night :
God is our glorious Sun.

Could I but lift for you the veil
Which hides from mortal view
The glories of this unseen world,
That ye might see them too, —
Then how would all the world calls great
Unto your vision seem;
And all this earth's gay vanities
Appear an empty dream !

O mother, dearest mother,
Amid thy many cares,
Amid the grief and toil of earth,
And all its tempting snares,
Fain would my spirit breathe to thee
The pure, sweet air of heaven ;
Fain would I say from Christ to thee,
Thy sins are all forgiven.

My father, dearest father,
O take the sacred Word
And read it to thy children,
Then bow before the Lord.
O raise to God an altar,
And bow in daily prayer,
And my spirit shall meet with thee
At morn and evening there.

My sister and my brother,
And my little Ella too,
Hear ye your dearest sister
While she speaks a word to you :
Remember your Creator,
O pray and seek the Lord,
For they that early seek shall find, —
Thus saith God's holy word.

Had I my life to live again,
Then I would early seek
The Saviour — shunning every sin,
And oft his praises speak.
And ye may have a heaven below
By seeking heavenly grace —
And be at last prepared to go
To see the Saviour's face.

Farewell! to you I cannot come,
But ye may come to me ;
And would ye meet me all above,
To live eternally,
Then seek ye all the grace of God ;
'T will fit you here to live,
And when this life with you is o'er,
A life of glory give.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A YOUNG MAIDEN.

The pitcher 's broken at the fountain,
The weary wheels of life are still ;
Life's current warm hath ceased its flowing,
No more its streams their channels fill.

Why gaze ye on the form before you ?
Say, is your cherished loved one here ?
Nay, all ye view is but the casket,
The gem, the jewel, is not there.

The spirit to the God who gave it,
From the loved form hath sped its flight ;
There, mother, there in silence leave it,
Thy God, he doeth all things right.

Though clouds and darkness are around him,
Justice and judgment his abode,
Yet mercy is his choicest dealing,
The dearest attribute of God.

O, bitter, bitter is the portion,
That to thy lips thy God hath pressed,
Yet drink thou it without a murmur,
Calm on thy Saviour's bosom rest.

“ O father dear ! ” thy loved one crieth,
“ My father, father, come to me !
Before I die, my dearest father,
Thy face, oh, how I long to see ! ”

Far, far thy earthly father roameth,
Dear child, thy voice he cannot hear —
But yet that piercing cry, it reacheth
Into thy Heavenly Father's ear.

With earnest haste the message speedeth
To call that absent father home,
To gaze once more upon his darling
Ere they consign her to the tomb.

'T is all in vain, the long delaying ;
No tidings reached his distant ear ;
Ah, little thought he Death was preying
Upon that cherished form so dear.

For gay in health and beauty blooming,
He left her scarce a week before,
And little dreamed ere his returning
That Death would enter at his door.

She was his cherished, only daughter,
Perchance the idol of his heart ;
A parent's love could ne'er be stronger,
And well did she return her part.

With slow, reluctant steps they bear her
Toward her long, last, quiet home,
Each eye oft turned backward, hoping,
Though late, the father yet might come.

He comes not, and that lonely mother,
Though round that form affection twines,
All that remains of her loved Mary,
With sorrow to the grave consigns.

But to her lonely home returning,
With saddened heart she scarce had come,
Ere the long wished, long hoped-for father
Comes back again to his loved home.

O there are scenes in life too touching
For painter's art or poet's pen ! —
The depth of sorrow who may fathom
That filled that father's bosom then ?

Thou could'st not come to her, dear father,
Whom Mary called so piteously,
And though thy heart may often call her,
She never more will come to thee.

But he that called and took thy daughter
Will come ere long and call for thee ;
Delay thou not, but be thou ready,
And mayst thou well preparèd be.

Attend unto the solemn warning,
Without delay give Christ thy heart —
Grieve not away the Holy Spirit,
Lest he forever may depart.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

“Mother, do I look pretty now ? ”
In accents soft and mild,
With winning air and smiling brow,
Thus spake a lovely child.

Her little locks of glossy hair,
Before the mirror's face,
She had arranged with choicest care,
And sportive, playful grace.

The mother from her couch of pain
 Raised her sad eye and smiled,
And thought that ne'er so beautiful
 Looked her sweet, darling child,

Before the mirror as she sought
 Still some new charm to add,
Though in her heart she only thought
 To make her mother glad.

With gentle look, and brow serene,
 And face so pure and bright,
An angel looked upon the scene,
 And pleased with such a sight,

Said, "Come up to your heavenly home,
 My beautiful, sweet child,
For Jesus kindly bids you come,"
 He spoke, and on her smiled.

Death too was there, — and as he gazed,
 His cold and icy dart,
With a triumphant air he raised,
 And aimed it at her heart.

"And thou mayst strike," the angel said,
 "The word hath come from heaven ;
But though her body with thy dead
 Shall soon to thee be given,

Her spirit to that land of rest,
 Where pain nor sorrow come,
I'll bear, and henceforth with the blest
 Shall be her peaceful home."

Death struck — that sprightly, active form
Beneath his stroke was palled ;
She fell — with terror and alarm
The anguished mother called.

But never in that mortal ear
Affection's voice shall come ;
Mother, thy daughter is not here,
Thy God has called her home.

There 'mid a blessed and happy throng
Of little ransomed ones,
She sings their new and pleasing song
In sweet and heavenly tones.

Prepare to meet thy loved one there,
She beckons thee away ;
O, lightly grasp the things of earth,
But ever watch and pray.

Then when thy life's last hour is come,
With what a pure delight
Thy child shall bid thee welcome home,
All beautiful and bright.*

ON THE DEATH OF A TWIN DAUGHTER.

Mid one of changeful April's showers,
A Gardener, skilful, good and wise,
Placed in my care two little flowers,
A precious gift I much did prize.

* The mother has since died.

One was a strong and hardy plant,
That flourished with but little care,
The other sensitive and frail,
And scarce a touch or breath could bear.

The passers-by oft paused to view
My cherished flowers I loved so well,
Though oft a sigh would heave, 't is true,
And with a saddened look would tell, —

Would tell me that the sickly one
Could never thrive in earthly soil ;
Yet still with hope I labored on,
And light I counted all my toil.

The more they said, the more I strove
To nurture it with kindest care ;
The tenderer, the more the love
I to my little plant did bear.

I watched with hope through summer's hours,
And well my flowers seemed to bide,
And loveliest bloomed of all the flowers
That grew and flourished by her side.

The autumn came — its chilling frost
I feared would kill my beauteous flower,
And all my fondest hopes be lost
In one short-lived and fleeting hour.

And when September's bleakest storm
Was raging hard, I sought its bed,
But drooping was that tender form,
“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ my flower is dead ! ”

The Gardener came with pitying look,
And kindly bade me weep no more,
And gently then my flower he took,
And to his home the prize he bore.

“ Though frosts have chilled its tender form,”
He said, “ and dead it seems to thee,
I’ll bear it where the blasting storm
And chilling frosts may never be.

“ ’Twill bloom henceforth in Paradise
With an imperishable bloom —
Then weep no more, but dry thine eyes,
Thou too thyself shalt shortly come.”

WHEN EARTHLY PROSPECTS PERISH.

When earthly prospects perish,
And creature comforts fail,
My faith in God I ’ll cherish, —
That faith must yet prevail.

When filled with grief and anguish,
When bursts the aching heart,
And near to death I languish,
Thy aid, O God, impart.

When weight of sorrow pressing
Would crush the sinking mind,
My Heavenly Father’s blessing
Then let me ever find.

Soothe, soothe my troubled spirit,
Let every murmur cease —
In thee let me inherit
Life, health, and perfect peace.

SPIRIT COMMUNINGS.

Dear mother, grieve no more ;
Though lost to thee on earth, I am found in heaven,
Where sickness, pain and sorrow all are o'er ;
Though with deep grief thy sorrowing heart is riven,
Weep not for me.

Mother, thou lovedst me much,
And tender was the watch-care thou hadst o'er me ;
But oh, it was not such
As, free from pain and sickness now, the angels bear
me ;
Then grieve no more.

When first into mine ear
The angels whispered, " Sister, come," —
Although they beckoned me from pain and fear,
'T was sad to think of leaving in thy lonely home,
Brother and thee.

For well my spirit knew
Thy faith, that unto thee an angel I was given,
For I had often felt the thoughts within me too,
To cheer thee in thy journey on to heaven —
But, mother dear,

I 'll often come to thee, —
I 'll come to thee in many a saddened hour,
And sweetly shall my spirit speak to thee ;
Like perfume from the breath of fragrant flower,
So shall my spirit's presence be.

Yes, mother, still to thee,
As 'mid the cares of life thy way thou 'rt threading,
That little angel thou hadst hoped, I 'll be,
And often wipe the tears I find thee shedding,
And breathe sweet thoughts, and sing of heaven
to thee ;
Weep, then, no more for me.

And my twin-brother dear,
Although the feeble veil of flesh that shrouded
This spirit-form is hidden from his sight,
I see and feel, no more by sense beclouded,
His tender form, and love with pure delight,
As babes on earth know not.

And I will often come,
As still, upon life's weary pathway wending,
His little feet shall stumble or shall stray ;
I will — his guardian-angel o'er him bending —
Will gently lead him in the heavenly way,
And bid him welcome home !

“ A BIRD OF PASSAGE.”

“ A bird of passage ” to that peaceful shore
Where winds shall howl and tempests vex no more ;
No more to feel the fowler’s hidden snare, —
Fare, fare thee well ! I hasten to be there.

“ A bird of passage ” — here I may not rest, —
Hopes, doubts, and fears alternate fill my breast ;
I homeward haste to fold my weary wing,
And with the birds of Paradise to sing.

“ A bird of passage ” to that world of light
Where never more may come the gloomy night ;
Eager I turn my long-expectant eye
To that bright portal ope’d beyond the sky.

“ A bird of passage ” — yes, it is in vain
Longer on earth my spirit to detain,
Or stay my longings for that radiant home ;
Farewell ! farewell ! — Yes, shining ones, I come !

“BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM
GOD.”

“Be still and know that I am God,”
Though now thy heart be near to breaking ;
Beneath my weighty, chastening rod,
Midst frowning foes, and friends forsaking,

“Be still and know that I am God,”
Though in the midst of scenes distressing ;
Afflictions come not from the sod,
But bring for thee thy Father’s blessing.

“Be still and know that I am God,”
And cease this weary, restless pining ;
Pursue the path thy Saviour trod,
Round him thy love and faith entwining.

Not willingly I chasten thee,
Or love to see thy spirit grieving ;
Soon, soon thy load shall lightened be,
Thy sorrow soon I ’ll be relieving.

Pleasure and pain I mingle here,
The storm, the sunshine, each am sending ;
The summer mild, the winter drear,
The lights and shadows ever blending.

TO A POETESS.

Would that thy gifts were mine ! —
While listening to thy sweet and flowing numbers,
A fountain deep within my heart is stirred ;
Thy song hath power to break my spirit's slumbers,
And call it forth in strains too long unheard.
The earnest thoughts, the deep poetic feeling,
The spirit's fires — I know, I feel them all ;
But yet the words, those inward fires revealing,
Alas ! alas ! they come not at my call.

This world is not my home ! —
In the extent of all its wide dominion
There's none to whom my soul is fully known ;
O could I mount and fly, on angel's pinion,
To that blest country I would call my own !
Say, shall it be that when no more encumbered
With this dull flesh, my soul shall freely flow ?
When with the blest my ardent spirit's numbered,
Shall then these lips with joyful numbers flow ?

Might I but now be there ! —
Yet I would wait not till death's change comes o'er
me
T' attain the power which earnestly I crave ;
While here on earth, I see a work before me
I must perform before I reach the grave ;
O for the glowing fire, from heaven's pure altar,
To touch these lips that, henceforth they might
move
In breathing accents that should never falter,
All full of heavenly life, and light, and love.

O that some hallowed strains, from harps celestial,
Might reach mine ear, and with them power be
given

To breathe them forth again on this terrestrial,
Discordant sphere — the harmony of heaven !

“ But hast thou used the precious gifts already
Bestowed upon thee by a Father’s care ?
These, if improved by faithful hand and steady,
Would yet increase, and brighter be for wear.
To him who hath and what he hath improveth,
Shall more be given, saith the sacred Word ;
Improve thy gifts, work as the Spirit moveth,
And more shall be imparted by thy Lord.”

The will of God be done ! —

Whatever gifts he deemeth

Best to deny or grant — may He bestow ;

My lot direct, in what way fitting seemeth,

In all my earthly pilgrimage below ;

I ask one boon, — a meek and quiet spirit,

Such as the blessed Saviour e’er possessed ;

If not rich gifts, rich grace may I inherit,

Pure love, and fervent charity e’er fill my breast.

More excellent this way, —

For had I gifts of angel minds, inspiring

My heart and tongue to think and speak for thee,

Or fervent zeal my ardent spirit firing,

How powerless all my efforts still would be,

In words of richest eloquence though calling

The weary ones, with sin and grief opprest, —

Like tinkling cymbal on the ear were falling,

Were heavenly love a stranger to my breast !

Jesus, my pattern be ; —
Thou quiet, meek — thou lowly, suffering Saviour,
Who in thyself didst personate this grace,
Filled without measure — grant me but this favor,
Thy own blest image on my heart to trace ;
My life, my conversation be in heaven,
Thy loving spirit ever fill my breast ;
Where'er I move — may it, like hallowed leaven,
Around me spread peace, quiet, heavenly rest.

TO AN ARTIST, ON RECEIVING MY PICTURE.

A noble gift to thee thy God hath given,
A wondrous art is surely this of thine,
With sunbeam pencil — rays of light from heaven —
To trace the human countenance divine !

Thine is the power to yield the purest pleasure
To many a loving, trusting, absent heart ;
The image of a friend, how dear the treasure,
From which through life we never wish to part.

Yet those who gaze upon thy works may never
The labor know with which to thee 't is fraught ;
For while they please, the works of genius ever
Bring to their authors care and anxious thought.

* * * * *

Is this my image — thus so sadly shaded
With the dark tints of sorrow and of care ?
The once lit eye so dim, the cheek so faded ! —
So little left of youthful vigor there !

Well, be it so ; those lines of care and sorrow,
Though deeply drawn, I would erase them not ;
No tints from earth's gay glittering scenes I'd borrow,

But bow submissive to my humble lot.

Although by Fortune's firm decree I'm bidden
To live an outward life of toil and care,
Yet deep within my heart a life is hidden —
A life of thought that others may not share.

And yet those features seem to me revealing
More than I deemed the workings of the mind, —
More trace of thought, reflection, and of feeling,
Than I expected in my face to find.

I'll prize the gift thou hast so kindly given,
And as a mirror from it I would learn
To train my thoughts and features more for heaven,
And more on God mine eye of faith to turn.

Best thanks to thee — may every earthly blessing
Thy Father sees is good for thee be thine ;
One image I would wish thee e'er possessing,
To keep within thy heart's most sacred shrine,

The image of the meek and lowly Saviour, —
O wear it ever, ever on thy breast ;
And may his blessed, glorious features, ever
With heavenly light be deeply there impressed.

And while intently thou art this beholding,
May all thy heart with Jesus' love be warmed,
And thy soul's features gently, sweetly moulding,
To his own likeness fully be transformed.

TO MY HARP.

WRITTEN AFTER SICKNESS.

I grasp thee with an earnest hand,
And with a yearning heart,
As still upon life's shores I stand,
And in its scenes bear part.

What hours of conflict, sorrow, pain,
Since last we met I've passed,
But through them all I'm brought again,
And here we meet at last.

Yet not one saddened strain I'll raise,
Or of my grief complain,
But tune a song of heart-felt praise,
In cheerful, joyous strain.

For not one needless pain or grief
Is meted out to me ;
Though sorrows come, yet sweet relief
I find, my God, in thee.

Thanks to thy ever blessed name
For all thy tender care ;
Although but dust this feeble frame,
Yet thou dost help me bear

The pain, the grief, the deep distress,
That would so heavily
Upon my burdened spirit press,
Without a hope in thee !

LIFE'S CHANGES.

Change after change comes o'er me,
As on life's toilsome way,
With untried scenes before me,
I urge my feeble way ;
With painful step and weary,
Thus far, my God, I've come,
The prospect, oh, how dreary, —
Fain would I be at home !

Change after change comes o'er me,
The Spring of life is past,
The Summer, in its glory
And freshness, fleeting fast ;
The Autumn tinge is streaking
These raven locks apace,
And many a token speaking
Winter must have its place.

Change after change is stealing,
Amid the anxious strife
Of purpose, thought and feeling,
And fears and hopes of life ;
The hopes to-day we cherished,
To-morrow all are fled,
Our pleasing prospects perished,
And numbered with the dead.

Change after change is stealing,
And could I lift the veil,
Each future scene revealing,
How would my courage fail ;
But thou, my God, in kindness,
Hast hid it from my sight, —
I thank thee for this blindness,
Thou doest all things right.

The changes that already
Have passed with rapid flight,
With gracious hand and steady,
Were meted out aright ;
And now the retrospection
I hold 'neath memory's spell,
Enforces this reflection :
“Thou doest all things well !”

The changes yet remaining
As yet for mine or me,
I 'd leave without complaining,
To Thee — with joy to Thee.
For death's last change prepare me,
That solemn, trying hour,
Then home, my Father, bear me,
Where sorrows come no more.

LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE SESSION OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, HELD IN BOSTON IN 1852.

“What of the beauteous city
Of our forefathers’ God,
Whose hallowed streets, since Wesley’s days,
Thousands with joy have trod? —
How fares our lovely Zion,
Ye guardians of her walls? —
Tell us, ye watchmen — is all right? ” —
Thus many a dweller calls.

“The light of our fair city —
Do not her vessels need
The oil of grace poured in anew,
That she may give, indeed,
The light of faith that works by love,
That it may more abound,
And the dwellers of the earth may see
It brightly beaming round?

“The gold of our loved city, —
Is it not somewhat dim? —
The pearl* which sainted Fletcher wore,
That heavenly diadem, —
For pearls of an inferior worth
Is it not cast aside,
With which the Bridegroom would disdain
To deck his lovely Bride?”

*Perfect love.

Thus I heard their accents falling,
Like ocean's murmuring swell ;
Then I heard the watchmen calling,
" O ye dwellers, all is well ;
Peace, peace attends our city,
No foes now dare molest ;
Since the battles by our Wesley fought.
In quietness we rest.

" We have peace in all our borders,
And our name henceforth will spread
Through all the regions of the earth,
And in our mighty tread
We will conquer heathen nations,
War and Slavery overthrow.
Our watchword, hence, is ' Onward ! '
In our Wesley's name we go."

Then I gazed upon the watchmen
With mute and trembling awe,
For as I gazed among them
A glorious sight I saw ! —
Three forms of light and glory
In my vision glided by ;
A Fletcher one, I knew him
By his loving, hallowed eye.

He spake, and to the watchmen
I heard him weeping, say :
" I have come from realms of glory,
To meet with you this day ;
A foe is in your city,
With his legions, lodged within ;
In olden times we called him
By his name — ' Indwelling-sin.' "

A Wesley next in thunder,
With tones of stern command,
Was heard with silent wonder,
Among that trembling band :
“ Awake ! arise, ye watchmen,
Sound aloud the earnest cry,
‘ We will give the foe no quarter —
Death ! — death or victory ! ’

‘ To arms ! to arms ! — to battle ! ’ —
A shout came pealing by,
‘ We will give the foe no quarter —
Death ! — death or victory ! ’ ”

Then he took from them the standard,
Where his name so long had stood,
Giving one with this inscription,
Written deep with Jesus’ blood :
“ ‘ Immanuel — God is with us,’
We proclaim with one accord ;
‘ Death to sin ! ’ henceforth our motto
‘ Holiness unto the Lord ! ’ ”

Then two female forms descended,
All clad in purest white,
Wearing crowns of heavenly lustre,
Decked with starry gems and bright ;
‘ T was a Rogers and a Fletcher,
By their matron grace I knew, —
And I heard them gently calling,
“ Arise, ye daughters, too ! ”

“Ye daughters of our Zion,
No more at ease sit down ;
The cross ye, too, must humbly bear,
If ye would wear the crown ;
For to you has come the saying
Spoken by our God of old,
‘ My daughters too shall prophecy ! ’ —
Then fear ye not, be bold ;

“And let not your adorning
That outward tinsel be,
Of gold, and pearls, and costly robes,
But inward purity ;
A quiet, lowly spirit,
A heart all filled with love,
And ever by your holy works
Your faith ye then will prove.”

Then their voices they united,
This glorious, heavenly train,
Led by one — the tuneful Wesley,
With his harp of stirring strain :

“We began our beauteous city
On Christ, the corner-stone,
But think ye not, ye watchmen,
The building yet is done.

“The walls of full salvation
Higher yet, and higher raise,
And take ye each your station
At the beauteous gates of praise ;
Bring the top-stone forth with singing,
Till the nations far and near
Shall hear the echo ringing,
‘ Grace and glory ! ’ — ‘ God is here ! ’

“The light of our fair morning,
Though beautiful and clear,
Was but the early dawning
Of a glorious day that ’s near ;
God himself shall then dwell with you,
And all tears shall wipe away, —
And in his light ye all shall walk,
In blessed, glorious day!”

COMMUNION WITH THE SAVIOUR.

What is this sacred, solemn awe
That o’er my spirit steals,
Which seems from earth my heart to draw,
And heaven’s pure joy reveals ?

Oppressed with the day’s toil and care,
I entered this retreat,
And sought in feeble words of prayer,
My Saviour here to meet.

But such a weight of weariness
Upon my spirit pressed,
It seemed presumptuous to ask
That here I might be blest.

The fear my prayer would not prevail,
Filled my sad heart with grief,
But faith can pierce the thickest veil
Of fearful unbelief.

Quicker than thought, a hand unseen
Removed the oppressive load,
And by my side there seemed to stand
One like the Son of God !

His sacred eye upon me beamed
With tenderness and love ;
So sweet the heavenly presence seemed,
I scarcely dared to move.

Oh, faith would take thee by the hand,
Thou heavenly Friend unseen,
And bid thee near me e'er to stand
Amid life's busy scenes.

I would not leave this calm retreat,
Unless thy presence still
Shall go — and e'er direct my feet
To shun the paths of ill.

And, Saviour, wilt thou not abide
Within my dwelling too,
And all my household help me guide,
And teach me what to do ? —

Calm every sad and troubled heart,
The wayward child control,
And keep the powers of hell apart
From every fearful soul ?

Yes, Saviour, thou wilt go with me,
And in my house reside,
Not as a wayfaring man,
A night but to abide ;

But ever, ever with us stay,
And never more depart ;
Then on life's toilsome, weary way
We'll go with gladdened heart.

And thou wilt guide us on our road
By thy sweet Spirit's power ;
I bless thee, O my Saviour, God,
For this dear hallowed hour.

VISION OF HEAVEN.

There is a land where cloudless skies
And verdant fields forever smile,
Where there are found no weeping eyes,
But pleasures every hour beguile.

That land, in visions oft I've seen,
I've sat beneath its sacred bowers ;
I've wandered in its fields so green,
And plucked its amaranthine flowers.

There floated such celestial strains
Of sweetest music on my ear,
From voices on those heavenly plains,
I stood in rapturous awe to hear.

In that serene and bright abode,
The purest living waters flow —
Forth from beneath the throne of God,
Throughout that blessed land they go.

From off those fair and beauteous trees,
I longed the tempting fruit to taste ;
With earnest hand I sought to seize,
And pluck and eat with eager haste.

And then with joy I sought to drink
From that pure, tempting, brimming fount,
But heard, e'er I had reached the brink,
A voice from out the heavenly mount :

“ Not yet in this delightful place,
To eat and drink to thee is given,
But earthward, mortal, set thy face,
Nor seek thee yet the rest of heaven.

“ More work for thee have I below,
More trials, sufferings, yet are thine ;
Then cheerful to thy labor go,
Nor let thy murmuring thoughts repine.

“ And yet to cheer thee on thy road,
Of fruit, this heavenly cluster bear —
This draught from out the fount of God,
To strengthen for thy labor there.”

I ate, I drank, and from that hour,
New life and strength were quickly mine ;
I felt within a new-born power,
A foretaste of the life divine.

The time is past — the vision flown,
Yet since as on life's weary way,
With toilsome step I've journeyed on,
Doth memory to me convey.

the sweetness of that blissful hour,
Oft to revive me on the road,
As perfume from some fragrant flower,
That lures thee to thy home-abode.

ON HEARING A SOUND AS OF DISTANT MUSIC.

Hark ! on the listening ear
Music comes pealing ;
Borne on the evening air,
Sweetly 't is stealing.
Is it the evening breeze
Just from the ocean,
Swaying the forest trees
With gentle motion ?

Is it some wandering harp
In the deep wild-wood ?
Or a lay that memory brings
Back from my childhood ?
Nay, 't is a sacred lay,
Wafted from heaven ;
Oh, that evermore to me
Music thus were given !

That is a fruitless wish,
Frail child of feeling,
And thy weak and erring heart
Plainly revealing.
Earth is thy work-house now,
And thy scene of trial,
Cares and crosses must be thine,
Pain and self-denial.

Music ever thus divine
Should Heaven permit thee,
For those duties stern of thine
It would unfit thee.
When through all thy contest here
Thou art victorious,
Heavenly music shall be thine,
Ever and glorious !



"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
I turn my inward sight
From earthly scenes around me ;
With my own heart I then commune,
And oft the sigh of sadness,
By fervent prayer is turned to praise
And peace and heartfelt gladness.
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
I inward turn my sight
From earthly scenes around me.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
My Saviour sheds the light
Of his sweet presence round me.
While he is near, my heart to cheer,
I feel no gloom or sadness,
But songs of love from heaven above
I tune with joy and gladness.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
My Saviour sheds the light
Of his loved presence round me !

Oft in the stilly night,
When slumber's chains have bound me,
I range a world of light,
With friends that once were round me ;

I sing with them their songs of love,
I tune a harp celestial ;
With a free wing I soar above,
And leave this scene terrestrial ;
Thus in the stilly night,
When slumber's chains are round me
I range a world of light,
With friends that once were round me.

Oft in the stillly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
A band of angels bright
Will seem to hover round me ;
They beckon me from earth away,
They point to heaven's blest portal,
They bid me go with them and know
Joys that are all immortal ;
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
A band of angels bright
Will seem to hover round me !

If in the stilly night,
When slumber's chains have bound me,
My soul shall take its flight,
With angels hovering round me, —
Rejoice that I have passed away,
Have entered heaven's blest portal —
No more shall know of pain and woe,
But joy and bliss immortal, —
If in the stilly night,
When slumber's chains have bound me,
My soul should take its flight,
With angels hovering round me !

WEARY OF EARTH ;

OR, FANCY'S VISIT TO HEAVEN.

This calm retreat, this silent sylvan shade,
Removed from all the noisy ills of life,
Where earthly cares may not my breast invade,
Nor hither flow the waves of mortal strife —
A soothing influence o'er my spirit shed,
And lull it to a calm and sweet repose ;
Fit hour to be on Fancy's pinions led,
Far, far above this vale of mortal woes.
Come then, my muse, farewell to this dull vale ;
See, through those waving tree-tops, that blue sky ;
On yon bright silvery cloud, come, let us sail,
And seek a fairer, better world on high.
See yonder golden city ! O, how bright !
What rainbow hues its canopy compose ;
What soft and mellowed tints of heavenly light
The eternal Sun upon it ever throws !
Come, let us walk around her stately walls,
Survey the precious stones that 'neath it lie.
Hark ! — Hear that music ! — on the ear it falls
In tones of sweet celestial harmony.
Oh, I must enter ! See this pearly gate ;
Here, as we 've been bidden, we will knock ;
To us it shall be opened. — Let us wait
Until the angel shall to us unlock.
“ Stranger of Earth, why hither hast thou strayed,
With such an idle vagrant* for thy guide ?

* Fancy.

To thus intrude, say, art thou not afraid
That judgment for thy daring will betide ? ”

“ I come a weary wanderer from the Earth,
Tired of its strife, and toil, and vanity ;
For from the hour that first I had my birth
I ’ve known but want, and pain, and misery.

Oh, how inviting look your golden streets,
Free from the damp and dust of earthly ground ;
The chilling frosts, the scorching noon-day heats,
They say are never in your city found.

Though but a glimpse this open portal gives,
What beauteous sights ! what glorious visions fair !
This pure and flowing river-fount that lives,
Oh, how unlike the turbid waters there !

To drink of these pure waters now I pant,
So parched with thirst, just at the point to die ;
Pity a weary pilgrim, sick and faint,
And let me only at your portal lie.

These trees of life ! oh, how divinely fair,
O’erhanging all the crystal stream of heaven ;
Ambrosial fruits their boughs in plenty bear,
With leaves of healing for the nations given.
Oh, what sweet prospects rise ! celestial fields
Clothed in the richest green and strowed with flowers,
While angel-bands, choicest that heaven yields,
Are chanting music in those heavenly bowers.
There ’s naught but barren trees, and desert plains,
And leafless, fruitless trees in yonder sphere ;
Of music, there are naught but piteous strains
Of crying grief can reach the wearied ear.

But yet the richest of your treasures here
Are the pure spirits that are clothed in white ;
To dwell with such, their friendship sweet to share,
This sure were bliss, — pure, unalloyed delight.

Companionship of Earth's unhallowed ones,
Never, oh never again I wish to share, —
E'en at the thought my spirit inly groans ;
Send, send me not again, I pray thee, there."

"Presumptuous one! — and wouldst thou enter
here

With thy soiled robe, and dusty, earthly feet?
None but the pure these heavenly blessings share,
No foot unclean can walk our golden street.
Thy earthly lot, although it has its ills,
There's much that's beautiful that 'neath it lies,
And many a thing that now thy spirit fills
With grief and pain, is blessing in disguise.
Seest thou that company? — of earth they were,
And out of tribulation deep have come ;
Their robes, so pure and white, were cleanséd there,
In Jesus' blood, and in their heavenly home
They sing the glorious song of victory,
From pain and toil forevermore are free.
Mortal, return, and never more complain ;
Win first the race, and then the prize is given ;
The victor's crowned, if he the battle gain,
Earth's labor done — and then the rest of heaven !"

THE TIME IS SHORT.

“The time is short ;
Do quickly what thou doest.”
This morn an angel whispered in my ear,
“Mark well the path ;
And the object thou pursuest,
May God instruct thee — make thy vision clear.

“The time is short ;
Waste not in useless scheming,
In plans for worldly riches or renown ;
Nor pass thy time
In vain and idle dreaming, —
Quicken thy pace — let no man take thy crown.”

“But what can I,
In time so short and fleeting,
Like the quick streamlet swiftly gliding by —
Who am so weak,
So ignorant, so erring,
Do that is worth the doing ? — angel, say.

“Thick round my path
The clouds have gathered o’er me,
Barriers at every step obstruct my way ;
I cannot see
Clearly the path before me,
At every step I fear to go astray.”

“ The time is short —
God hath not left thee groping,
No light to guide, no hand to lead thy way ;
If dark thy path,
Fear lest thy steps are roving
Far from the ancient path, the heavenly way.

“ The time is short —
Cease, cease thy vain repining,
And turn thy feet into the narrow road ;
For in that way
The light is clearly shining,
'T will lead thee to thy Father's safe abode.”

[The singing of the following impromptu is with regret deferred to the future age.]

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SONG.

TUNE, — *Bruce's Address.*

Shout, ye people — all rejoice !
Let the earth lift up her voice ;
Let the joyful tidings roll
From the centre to the pole.

Shout, ye waves, with joy resound,
From the Pilgrim's Rock rebound
Back to dear Old England's shore,
Barrier now, thou sea, no more ! —

But a bond of union art,
Binding nations heart to heart ;
Bearing tidings fraught with joy,
Henceforth be thy sweet employ.

Now we reach the welcome hand,
Back to our dear mother-land ;
Never seemed thy name so dear,
England, in thy daughter's ear.

Live, Britannia ! ever live ! —
We the salutation give ;
Live, Victoria ! gentlest queen
Ever yet the world hath seen.

Praise the Lord ! let all rehearse,
Now throughout the universe ;
Angels, bending o'er the scene,
Shout, with tears of joy between.

We our salutation send
Now to every Eastern friend ; —
Be Messiah's flag unfurled
Throughout all the eastern world.

Soon, oh, soon the joyful word
May, from us, by thee be heard ;
Sends America to thee,
Joyful word — “ Our slaves are free ! ”

Then again will all rejoice,
Praise the Lord with heart and voice,
Heaven, delighted, on us gaze,
Join us in our songs of praise.

Live, Britannia ! — ever live !
We again our message give ;
Live, Victoria ! gentlest queen
Ever yet the world hath seen !

Europe, humbled in the dust,
Fear lest thou betray thy trust ;
Shed a purer, holier light,
Gleaming o'er the nation's night.

Asia, throw thy idols by,
Bow thy knee to the Most High ;
Despot rule and darkness flee,
This the word we send to thee.

Ethiopia, not again
Be thy hand reached forth in vain ;
Let thy morning's dawning rays
Kindle to a noontide blaze.

Wait ye still, ye distant isles,
With alternate tears and smiles ;
Patient wait the law of God,
O'er the ocean spread abroad.

Lord, the fulness of the sea
Soon shall pay their vows to thee ;
Earth and ocean both proclaim
All the glory of thy name.

Then the gladdened universe
Shall the glorious news rehearse ;
God in majesty serene
Gaze in triumph o'er the scene.

APPENDIX.

NOTE TO PAGE 11.

The captive referred to in this piece was a little Indian lad who was brought from one of the southern tribes, and sold as a slave to the tribe among which we labored. It was their custom sometimes, when one of their own children died, to put these little slave children to death, that they might go with them to the spirit land, either for company or for service, as the circumstances of their new state might require. In the present instance a lad had died about twelve years old, and having a slave companion about his own age, his parents, instead of putting him to death, as usual, had incarcerated him in the sepulchre, having first tied his hands and his feet, and left him there to die. We first heard of the circumstance in the evening of the day in which the deed was done, and at once resolved to effect his escape; but the place of burial being upon an island, in the midst of strong rapids, we could gain no access to him till the day following, when by means of a *ransom* paid to the relatives of the deceased, we procured his deliverance, — hence the name “Ransom,” by which he was subsequently called.

NOTE TO PAGE 31.

The Rev. JASON LEE was the first missionary sent to the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. He was a Canadian by birth, but was for some time a student at the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., where he formed the acquaintance of the lamented Dr. Fisk, who, on account of his robust

frame, daring enterprise, and apostolic zeal, singled him out for this hazardous undertaking.

He was subsequently employed by the Methodist Board of Missions, and made the leader of a small band who entered upon their work in the Multnomah Valley, or Willamette, as it is now called. After laboring a few years, greatly to the benefit of the poor Indians, and enduring all kinds of hardships, the Board, either not understanding his plans, or ceasing to sympathize with him in his work, superseded him in his office while on his way to the seat of government for the transaction of business for the mission, in which his heart seemed bound up. The shock was too great, and the disappointment too much for his shattered nerves and exhausted frame. He retired to his father's house, in Stanstead, Lower Canada, where, after a few days of anguish, both of body and mind, he quietly breathed his last.

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